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LOOKING FORWARD

No one can motor along the state highways, which have taken the place of our old post roads, without being impressed with the new civilization that is coming into being. Along these broad, four-track highways, cities merge into towns, into villages, into gas stations, into lone, hot dog stands; and then—with only a breath of woods and fields—back into more hot dog stands, more gas stations, more towns and cities. From New York to Boston, to choose just one illustration, sea and woods and fields are merely incidents in a lane of urban and interurban traffic. Even in the breathing spaces, real estate developments crowd the country farther and farther back. In twenty short years, the new world of the automobile has surged out from the cities to make the whole countryside its own.

And now on the horizon looms the aeroplane, precursor to new changes, different values, more definite invasions of places still distant from urban civilization. Without undue exaggeration, the day is probably at hand when the whole world of modern man will have shrunk to the size of Elizabethan England. Keeping up constant, intimate association between friends in California and Maine will be infinitely simpler than was the keeping up of such friendships between people at opposite ends of Manhattan Island in George Washington's day.

Such a world many people view without favor. Yet it must be granted that despite certain disadvantages where solitude and quiet are concerned, such a world cannot help but become increasingly cosmopolitan in its thinking, increasingly intelligent in its views, and constantly more liberal and tolerant of its neighbor. In fact, swift, individual transportation may eventually do for man what all the liberals of history could never have accomplished—make it possible for him to dwell with his fellowman in peace, understanding and amity. The billboards and hot dog stands of our post roads, the roaring of our aeroplane engines, are but the unlovely accompaniments which in one form or another always attend the frontiers of civilization.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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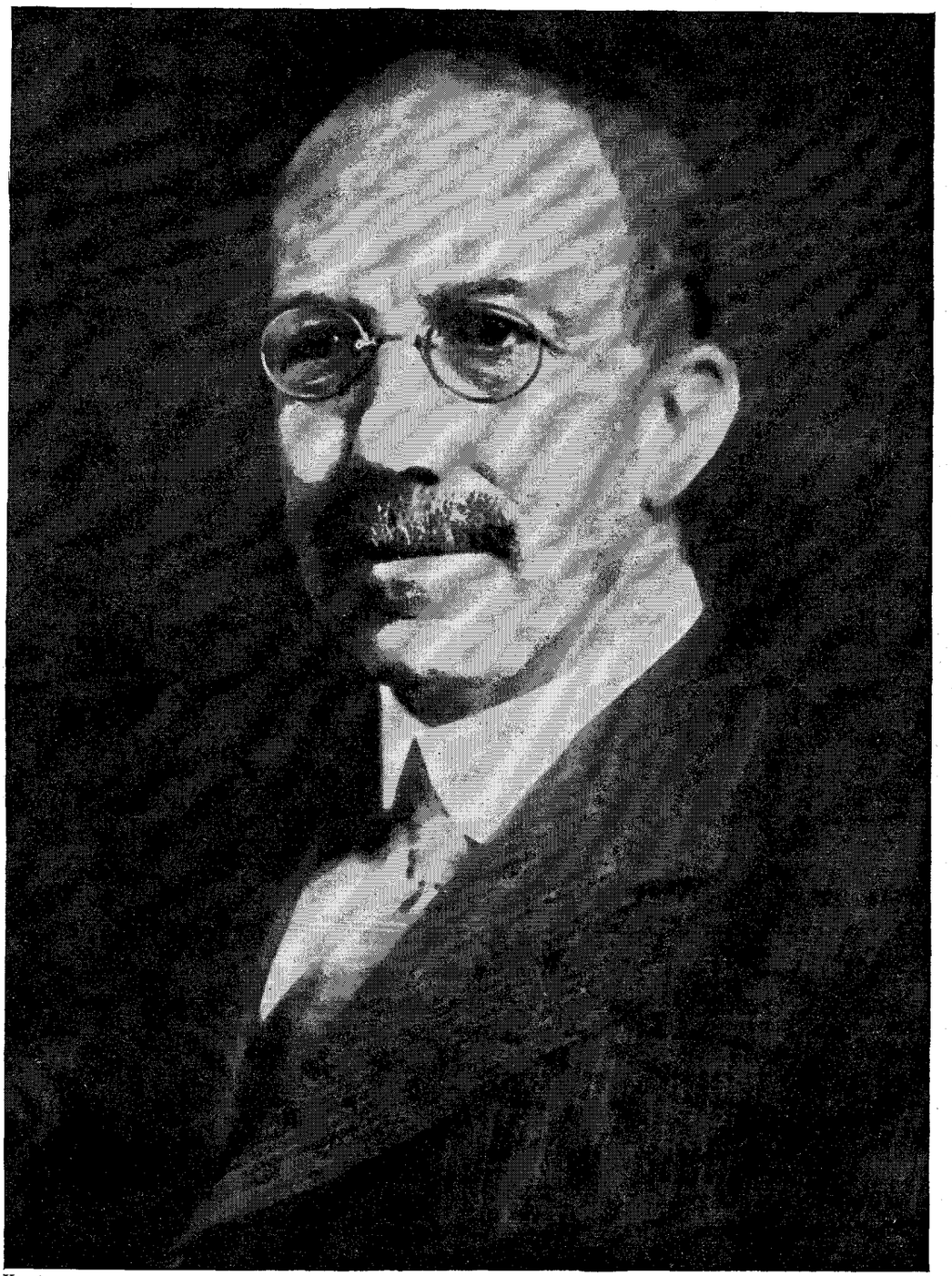

Keystone

WAYNE B. WHEELER

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
October 1, 1930

The Dry Decade

By CHARLES MERZ

National prohibition by constitutional amendment is today the most controversial question before the American people. On all sides there is a tendency to reason backward from conclusions rather than forward on the basis of experience. Much that has happened has never been recorded. Much that needs to be remembered is forgotten. The early chapters of this adventure, the manner in which it was initiated, the effort to make it blossom and the results it has achieved are brought together in "The Dry Decade" in a story that comes as close to gospel truth about a highly debatable subject as can anything written by an ordinary mortal. It is in the most genuine sense a history.

NATIONAL prohibition by constitutional amendment, the golden dream of thousands of devoted men and women, became effective at midnight on January 16, 1920.

The night was quiet in New York. A few hotels draped their tables in black cloths in deference to the drooping spirits of Broadway, but no special ceremony marked the passing of the old order. In Washington a group of the chief prohibition leaders, including Mr. Bryan, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Volstead and Mr. Sheppard, gathered at the First Congregational Church to watch at the stroke of twelve for the supreme consummation of a cause to which they had given years of service. In Norfolk, Virginia, Mr. Billy Sunday preached the funeral service of John Barleycorn. The deceased arrived in a coffin twenty feet in length, brought to the doors of the tabernacle by a span of horses and trailed by a dejected Devil. "Goodbye, John," cried Mr. Sunday. "You were God's worst enemy. You were Hell's best friend. I hate you with a perfect hatred[1]."

This was the start of a new experiment in the United States. By what sequence of events it had come about, by whose command New York had lost control of one of its own customs, how authoritatively the leaders who gathered at this church in Washington represented the opinion of the country, why Mr. Sunday was able on a night in January, 1920, to welcome a new order which had seemed impossibly remote ten years before, all this is still a subject of unending controversy.

1. *New York Times*, January 17, 1920.

The long story of the early prohibition movement in the United States lies outside the purpose of these articles but a short summary of its adventures throws some light on the situation we have reached today.

It has often been pointed out that the prohibition movement in this country began not as a prohibition movement but as a temperance movement, directed at the task of winning converts by persuasion rather than by law. The origin of the movement can be traced as far back as Colonial days and followed well down into the nineteenth century in the steady growth of a reformist movement which had temperance as its goal.

This movement never died. The old temperance societies like the Washingtonians and the Sons of Temperance have long since lost the large authority they once enjoyed; but temperance work is still carried on by the churches, by many social service agencies and even by those militant prohibition societies which have sunk much of their moral fervor into the task of persuading Congress to enforce the law.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that temperance rather than prohibition remained the chief goal of the reformist movement down to our own times and that only in comparatively recent years did there come a sudden violent wrench away from the old methods, a discarding of the old objectives, an abandonment of the hope of temperance by moral suasion and a demand for abstinence by law.

So far back does this change in the major interest of the movement date, that the first great wave of prohibition legislation swept the country as long ago as the 1850's. Between 1846 and 1855 thirteen states adopted prohibition laws. Maine led the way, followed not only by New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska, but by such unfamiliar converts to the cause of prohibition as Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New York. This early wave of prohibition legislation soon receded. Some of the laws were declared unconstitutional by the courts. Others were nullified by later legislation. Still others were repealed. By 1863 the thirteen prohibition states had shrunk to five. Four of these five seceded later.

A second wave of prohibition legislation began in the 1880's. It had been twenty-five years since the crest of the first movement and in this quarter-century no new state had been added to the list. In 1869, however, the Prohibition Party had been organized and in 1874 the Women's Christian Temperance Union took the field. To a new set of leaders the time seemed ripe for a crusade. Once more the movement started forward. In 1880 Kansas wrote prohibition into its constitution, something

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which no state had ever done before. By 1890 Georgia and the two Dakotas had adopted prohibition laws. Massachusetts, Iowa and Rhode Island, having repealed their earlier legislation, were now experimenting with prohibition for a second time.

Once more the movement ebbed. Out of the legislative battles of the 1880's three states emerged with prohibition laws by 1900. These three were Kansas, Maine and North Dakota. Meantime, however, a good deal of laboratory work had been carried on in other methods of regulating the traffic in intoxicating liquors. South Carolina tried a dispensary system borrowed from North Europe. New York, Missouri and Illinois experimented with high-license plans. Massachusetts tried a prohibition law, then a license system, then prohibition of everything except malt liquors and then another license plan.

How well or how badly these various systems worked, how well they were liked, why any of them failed and whether this failure was due to factors inherent in the plan itself, to a poor start or to maladministration: all this has been the subject of a vast controversy, characterized by a great uncertainty of fact. It is enough here to note that it was out of this decade of experiment that the third great wave of prohibition started. Georgia led the way in 1907. In rapid succession Oklahoma, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia fell into line.

All of these states, it will be noted, lay south of the Ohio and Potomac. All of them were primarily agricultural states, scarcely touched by the industrial revolution which had so thoroughly changed the interests and the point of view of many northern states in the long half-century since the first wave of prohibition swept the country.

Nevertheless, it was clear that after a long interlude the list of prohibition states had once more begun to gain. Six states had been added rapidly in six years' time. There was reason to believe, in 1913, that a third great wave of prohibition was plainly on the rise.

IF THERE was any single factor which had rescued the prohibition movement from its own inertia in the past and now given it a fresh start forward toward its goal, it seems fair to say that this factor was the attitude displayed toward all this agitation by the brewers and distillers.

These gentlemen had a large stake in the controversy over liquor which had been in progress now for more than fifty years. They had a stake, by 1913, which may conservatively be estimated as worth a billion dollars. They wished to preserve this stake and they chose a method of preserving it which has frequently been tried by organizations under fire and very often failed: they stood pat in the face of an opposition whose strength they underestimated and scorned all talk of compromise.

There was never a moment in the history of these years when the brewers could not have reformed the institution which was the chief point of attack in the campaign against their vested interests made by the prohibition movement. This institution was the saloon. The power of the brewers over the saloon was absolute. They controlled it under mortgage bonds and under their power to shut off its supply. They could have changed the saloon, or even have destroyed it, if they had wished to act.

Later on, when it was too late to profit them, the brewers showed themselves aware of the power which they held and regretful that they had made no more effective use of it. This was in 1916, when the members of the United States Brewers' Association announced through advertisements in the press that they lamented the "false mental association" which had coupled the brewers with the worst of the saloons, confessed that for this association they themselves were in large part responsible and offered to show the country, if it would give them time, that they were ready to reform the saloon and to promote temperance—"real temperance, which means sobriety and moderation; not prohibition, which has proved a fallacy and a failure[2]."

It is idle to speculate on what might have happened had this announcement been made in 1906 instead of 1916 and had it been followed by action taken in good faith. Reformation by the brewers and distillers of their own trade might have averted national prohibition. It is an academic point. The question was not tested. Apparently convinced that the gods were on the side of a billion dollars, wherever it was found, and that the prohibition movement would once more peter out, the brewers and distillers refused all reformation and all compromise.

They might have attempted to protect their business by putting it in order. They preferred to argue that there was nothing in their business which needed to be put in order and to spend their time and effort creating an elaborate system of political protection which toppled to the ground.

IT WOULD be a mistake to suggest that while the brewers temporized with a situation which grew more and more alarming from their point of view, the prohibition movement bowled along of its own momentum, gathering impetus for its third great drive from the support which flowed to it spontaneously from distant sections of the country.

The prohibition movement was not spontaneous and never had been. It had in 1913, as it had always had, a basic fund of sentiment to draw upon, in the moral teaching of the schools, in the temperance work of the churches, in popular disapproval of the drunkard and in the increasingly persuasive proof that intemperance was a heavy handicap to modern industry. But the task of converting this sentiment into a sustained demand for prohibition, rather than an appeal for temperance, was a task which required the expenditure of a vast amount of money and the unrelenting efforts of thousands of salaried men. Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler testified before a committee of the Senate in 1926 that in thirty years of active labor no less than $35,000,000 had been spent by the friends of prohibition to create and to sustain public interest in their cause[3]. Fortunately for the friends of prohibition, there was an organization in the field by 1913 which was capable both of raising large sums of money and spending them to good advantage. This organization was the Anti-Saloon League of America.

Founded at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, the declared interest of the Anti-Saloon League lay in political action to destroy the liquor traffic, primarily, as its name indicated, through the abolition of the saloon. Its method of achieving this result consisted of an omni-partisan plan of endorsing candidates which permitted the dry voter to vote dry without bolting his own party. The driving force behind this plan was a tireless campaign of propaganda. The extent of this propaganda, and the size of the task which it reflected, may be judged from figures covering a period beginning shortly before this time and running a few years later. Between October, 1909, and January, 1923, the Anti-Saloon League press

2. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 1032-3.

3. Testimony before Senate Campaign Fund Investigating Committee, June 23, 1926.

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at Westerville, Ohio, turned out 114,675,-431 leaflets, 1,925,-463 books, 2,322,-053 placards, 5,-271,715 pamphlets, 21,553,032 miscellaneous items and 157,314,642 copies of weekly and monthly magazines[4].

Year after year the presses spun with the vast literature of the prohibition movement, carrying into remote corners of the country fresh appeals to friends and challenges to foes, arguing fresh reasons for the adoption of new laws, seizing upon every incident which might be turned to the profit of the cause and meeting the propaganda of the brewers with a counter-propaganda no less partisan but far more ably handled.

International

BURYING THE LATE DEMON RUM
Funeral services in a Chicago saloon when the deceased was laid to rest

The task was almost endless. For once an election was over, a large part of the public promptly lost its interest and the campaign had to start afresh. Mr. Wheeler himself once testified that even in 1917, following the most critical election in the history of the League, and at a time when the crusading spirit of this movement had theoretically reached its height, the problem which faced the Anti-Saloon League was how "to maintain public interest in prohibition until the new Congress should convene[5]."

IN 1913 the Anti-Saloon League had been at work for twenty years. It was battle-scarred with valuable experience. It had lifted the list of prohibition states from three to nine. It had added to these states so many no-license counties that the officials of the League were already claiming "two-thirds of the territory of the country is now dry[6]." What had happened, meantime, to the liquor traffic?

It is one of the least noticed but most interesting facts in the story of the prohibition movement that the more laws the country had, forbidding drink, the more the country drank. This is the history of sixty years of prohibition legislation. It is not necessary to regard the laws as the cause of increased drinking, but it is certain that they failed to stop it.

In one respect, it is true, there had been a decrease in the consumption of alcoholic liquors. In 1850 the per capita consumption of distilled spirits in this country had been 2.24 gallons a year; by 1910 it had dropped to 1.43 gallons[7]. This was a decrease of only a little less than 40 per cent: convincing evidence that years of temperance work had succeeded in checking the use of hard liquor in the United States.

In all other respects, however, the figures show an impressive increase. In this same period of sixty years the consumption of wine more than doubled and the consumption of beer increased by more than a thousand per cent. In 1850, before the first great wave of prohibition, the per capita consumption of all forms of intoxicating liquor in the United States was 4.08 gallons a year. By 1913, precisely at the time when the Anti-Saloon League was asserting that "two-thirds of the country is now dry," it had increased to 22.80 gallons a year[8].

Plainly state laws had failed to reduce the consumption of liquor in the United States. The explanation offered by friends of prohibition was that liquor from wet states was still flowing into dry states and dry counties from across their borders. Senator Borah once summarized from his personal observation the convictions of the prohibition leaders:

"Having lived in a dry state, and believing, as I do, that the people have a right to prohibition if they want it, and having seen our laws broken down and trampled under foot by powers outside of the state, I became convinced that so long as one state could ship into or through another state it would be utterly impossible for the state to protect itself unless the national government, which had that power, also declared that policy[9]."

Viewed in this light, the agitation for national action was not an effort to extend the demonstrated advantages of state-wide prohibition to the country as a whole. It was an effort to win for the dry states those advantages, not yet demonstrated, which the friends of prohibition thought that prohibition could be made to bring, once state laws were no longer "trampled under foot" by interests outside of their own borders.

THE action designed to protect the dry states in the exercise of sovereignty over their own affairs was the adoption of the Webb-Kenyon Law. Contrary to

4. Peter Odegard, *Pressure Politics*, p. 75.
5. *New York Times*, March 30, 1926.
6. *Associated Press dispatch*, Columbus, Ohio, November 11, 1913.
7. *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 1920, p. 561.
8. *Ibid.*
9. Debate at Boston with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, *New York Times*, April 8, 1927.

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much that is said of the law today, this measure was not intended to prevent entirely the shipment of liquor from wet states into states with prohibition laws. It did not go that far. It merely prohibited such shipments as were "in violation of" state legislation. Some of the dry states legalized importation under certain restrictions. It was not the purpose of the new law to attempt to alter these restrictions.

The Webb-Kenyon Act was adopted by Congress in February, 1913, by large majorities in both Houses: many wet members agreeing that it was only fair to give the dry states the protection for which they asked. To the surprise of Congress, however, the bill was vetoed by President Taft, on the ground that it was unconstitutional and "clearly violated the commerce clause of our fundamental law[10]." The President had been advised to this effect by his Attorney General, Mr. George W. Wickersham. Congress disagreed with him. Both Houses promptly passed the bill over the President's veto.

It is clear that at this point an interesting experiment began: an experiment in discovering whether the authority of federal law, properly backed by federal enforcement, could actually have protected the dry states against invasion, insofar as each state, following its own standards, wished to be protected against invasion.

The friends of Constitutional prohibition insist today that this experiment failed; that the wet states continued to tyrannize the dry states; and that Constitutional prohibition on a national scale was the logical and inevitable answer. If this is true, then the decision was reached in a remarkably short time. The Webb-Kenyon Law was enacted in February, 1913. In November of this same year, before the law was nine months old and before any funds had been appropriated by the federal government specifically for the purpose of enforcing it, the Anti-Saloon League suddenly switched from the state law plan which had been its goal for twenty years, and for the first time in its history demanded a Constitutional Amendment.

THE meeting at which this decision was reached was the "Jubilee Convention" of the League, held at Columbus, Ohio, in the second week of November, 1913. It was an historic meeting, opening in the hush of an expected call to arms and reaching its decision in an outburst of enthusiasm. Plans were laid at once for a demonstration at the Capitol. Four weeks later, on December 10th, a procession of four thousand men and women marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, while the street crowds smiled, white streamers fluttered from the lapels of winter overcoats and the band played "Onward Christian Soldiers." On this same December 10th, Senator Sheppard introduced his resolution for a Constitutional Amendment.

With the fresh impetus lent by the setting of a new and bolder goal, the prohibition movement now leapt forward. Mr. Wheeler has described the burst of energy which followed the 1913 demonstration. Fifty thousand speakers were sent into the Congressional elections of 1914. Tons of new literature were turned out at Westerville. "We went into every Congressional district where there was a chance to elect a dry and waged as strong a fight as candidates have ever seen[11]." The results of this activity were promptly apparent both at the Capitol and in the states.

At the Capitol, a resolution for a Constitutional Amendment similar to Senator Sheppard's resolution was brought before the House of Representatives one month after the conclusion of the campaign which Mr. Wheeler has described. It received a vote of 197 in favor to 190 opposed: less than the two-thirds vote required, but a clear majority[12].

In the states, the movement for more legislation swept ahead with the same sudden energy which had marked the progress of the first great prohibition wave in the middle of the previous century, when two states had adopted laws in '52, three in '53, one in '54 and six in '55. Now, in this third great wave, five states adopted laws in 1914, five in 1915 and four in 1916—bringing the list of prohibition states to twenty-three.

In this same year, the year before the War, the friends of prohibition began another drive for the election of a Congress committed to national action. This was the election of 1916. If the Anti-Saloon League and its allied organizations had thrown themselves with fervor into the Congressional election two years before, they now outmatched their own best efforts. "All the energy we put into the 1914 campaign boiled and bubbled with hotter fire," wrote Mr. Wheeler, a decade later. "We laid down such a barrage as candidates for Congress had never seen before and such as they will, in all likelihood, not see again for years to come[13]."

This is the election which sent to Washington the Congress destined so shortly and to a large part of the country so unexpectedly to adopt the Eighteenth Amendment and send it to the states. There were thousands of untroubled people living in eastern cities who did not even know that prohibition was an issue.

IF WE stop at this point to recapitulate, we can measure the situation as it shaped itself on the first of April, 1917, and throw some light on the validity of two current dogmas.

There is the dogma, popular with many wets, that national prohibition was foisted on the country without the slightest semblance of a warning. This dogma overlooks the fact that a majority of the House of Representatives had voted in favor of a Constitutional Amendment as early as December, 1914. To the most cocksure wet this should have been ample notice of the possibility that lay ahead. The opponents of prohibition needed to hold only one-third of the House in order to block the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment. As events turned out, they had two years in which to elect and to organize a bloc of 146 votes. They ignored the plain warning of December, 1914, and continued to regard prohibition as an empty threat.

Meantime there is the dogma, popular with many drys, that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment followed logically and inevitably from the action of the states before the War. Twenty-three states had adopted prohibition laws by the end of 1916. Three more were added in the first few months of 1917. It is a theory constantly reiterated by many friends of prohibition that the Eighteenth Amendment marked no sudden change but came merely as the crowning achievement of a steadily growing movement which had already found support in twenty-six states before the War.

The weakness in this dogma lies in its assumption that all twenty-six of these states had adopted a system of prohibition comparable with the system to be established later by the Eighteenth Amendment: in other words, that all twenty-six had chosen to be bone-

(Please Turn to Page 196)

10. *Congressional Record*, 62nd Congress, 3rd Session, p. 4291.
11. *New York Times*, March 29, 1926.
12. *Congressional Record*, 63rd Congress, 3rd Session, p. 616.
13. *New York Times*, March 30, 1926.

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Profits for Wives

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

RECENTLY a woman I know quietly packed up her clothes and left a husband whose cook, laundress, housemaid, valet, hostess, nurse, gardener, economizer, and business adviser she had been for twenty-five years —never to return. Why she left him is beside the point. Her friends wondered she had not done it long before. No vacation, no thanks, a vicious temper, a few new dresses usually presented as gifts, and board and lodging—but these were not causes for divorce. He got that on the ground of desertion. The net result of her competency, thrift, and labor were the clothes in her trunk. But no, she had brought a trousseau as a bride, and she left her wedding gifts. There was no net.

Twenty-five years of such service at market wages would have figured to $26,000 cash in addition to board and keep. The clothes, doctor and dentist bills, traveling expenses, recreation charges that her husband had paid for had not amounted to more than $21,000 for she was thrifty, made her own gowns, and since then has lived on less. At interest compounded annually this would have left her net at the end of twenty-five years $10,972.80, more if compounded semi-annually. Her husband's income had averaged $5,000, fluctuating, but at the time she left him was well over $10,000. Out of this $150,000 enough had been saved for investment to increase his original inheritance of around $25,000 to $100,000. How much her service, economies and advice had contributed to the savings and the investments selected is problematical but his fortune did not increase after she left him. If she had remained with him at his death the law would have awarded her one-half this amount. Thus by surviving him she could have recovered her earnings and a share in his profits—but only by surviving him. In other words, a wife accumulates through her services as a wife nothing of her own. Her sole hope of doing so is through her husband's death. What I wish to call to my readers' attention is not a man's duty to support a wife but her right to a share in the profits of a partnership.

Even in marriage that is not broken by divorce the woman who pre-deceases her husband not only does not collect wages but she has no security that they or any part of her dower will be left to her children. It is entirely possible that a second wife may not only get the dower but deflect the husband's estate to her own children or to others. Or if there are no children, the husband may leave it all to his relations although hers may have been dear enough to her or needy enough for her to desire to help them. Nor would bystanders in such a case so much as question the equity of it.

It is not my purpose to discuss the part that a wife contributes to a husband's financial success nor the gamble she takes by investing her energy, time and talents in his business abilities. I am concerned here only with the gamble she takes with death.

EVERYWHERE we hear discussions of the extravagance and idleness of American women. The spirit in which the pioneer wives skimped and saved to further their husbands' fortunes would seem to have disappeared. Is it possible that there may be a connection between this disappearance and the uncertainty of sharing these fortunes? Who has not read of those many men who began with nothing and when a steel merger or a lode made them worth millions cast off the wife of their humble beginnings to take unto themselves flamingo chorus girls? Who has not seen those with lesser fortunes in their dangerous fifties abandon the thrift that won them and throw their profits into the laps of sirens? Who has not watched a widower assuage his grief with a young stenographer who mastered him and opened the gates of extravagance? Who has not heard the words: "I'll not save for another woman to spend"?

These things are the commonplace of American life. Romantic love is a poor shield against the ear, the eye and human jealousy and selfishness. But the ego, even when its owner's heart is involved, has its own weapons. It devises protective measures which are often neither fair nor beautiful. The more unconsciously it works the more effective but less noble their form.

It is the business of society impersonally to remove the necessity for these instinctive reactions. American society has reached a point of development when it behooves it to face some of these conditions and deal with them deliberately and as wisely as its ability will permit. So far we have been content to deal with symptoms. It is time to think of causes. We are told that marriage is a failure. We deplore the increasing number of divorces. We consider the reasons husbands and wives separate. But we do not seek the causes that lie back of those reasons. If we did we might make marriage less provocative of these reasons—incompatibility, unfaithfulness, lack of support, cruelty, and so forth. Perhaps this is one of the causes.

We have passed out of the pioneering stage. The large possibilities of fortune that caused our forebears to struggle and endure, the constant movement from place to place, from position to position, made for taking chances, for a *laissez-faire* policy in regard to social institutions. But today we are no longer adventuring. We are organizing, some call it standardizing. And one of the things that we should organize along with our fiscal system, our industrial system, and our distribution system is what may be called our domestic system. We build houses, we plant gardens, we establish our social positions, but we do not strive for stability and regularity in our domestic relations. Everything is studied—our traffic, our habits, our commerce, but not the most important thing of all, our family life—at least not extensively. Yet no stability is possible, no orderliness of life, without that. We leave that without plan, to adjust itself to the changed conditions, to the poor, instinctive reactions of the ego.

NOT for a moment do I suggest that the solution of the married woman's earnings will solve the problem of divorce. It is only one of the many things left to adjust itself. But in facing it and seeking for a solution we may be adopting a new technique, make a beginning at least in the right direction.

Yet it is by no means of small importance. In a society based upon the dollar, where security is figured in wealth, how may it be ignored inside the family? A woman is not immune from the social standards just because she is immured in a home. The desire to possess also possesses her just as the urge for independence is never quite stilled. If she is to achieve that feeling of security which is the end of every social system, naturally the achievement must rest on her financial solvency.

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In every society that has attempted that ideal some attempt has been made to give it to her. Not in cash. But there are other ways. In England where a pattern was worked out based on the feudal principle a marriage either founded or carried on a family. The estate belonged not to the individuals then using it but to that family in perpetuity. So what the wife may have contributed by her services or added to it by her thrift was assured to her children no matter whom else her husband put in her place. In a sense, therefore, she had an interest in it always. She knew where she was. That made not only for security but for self-respect, assurance, and incentive.

I am not saying it was a wholly satisfactory arrangement or that primogeniture or entailment is desirable. I point to it only as an effort toward desirable ends. I would have us make the same effort toward ends equally desirable finding a means adaptable to our situation.

An American wife who looks at the enviable position of an American widow, sole legatee of a rich husband, lording it over her dependent children, and compares her to the English dowager who relinquishes her home and income to a daughter-in-law to retire to a smaller house and decreased allowance may well prefer to be the American surviver. But if she compares the American wife who is asked to pool her life with her husband's without any claim on his profits or certainty to what end they may be put, with the English wife's assurance that they must inevitably lead to one purpose, and considers the effect the two positions have on a wife's self-respect, she may well wonder if the gamble on survival is worth taking. She knows she is a wife and may only possibly become a widow. Most women are longer wives than widows. And it is her emotions and feelings while a wife, still young, that affect her actions and affect society as a whole.

Is it not possible, in America, to work out a system that will be as fair to wives as to widows without a gamble on a woman's longevity or a husband's short one?

THERE is another factor that perhaps affects the wife's position or at least her reaction toward it. Whether for good or ill but inevitably in an individualistic industrial society, ever increasing numbers of women are becoming wage-earners in one way or another. What must be the effect on the home-staying and home-working wife of seeing her friends selling their time and efforts for cash received which they not only spend as they please but which they may save and invest and will as they desire? At the least it may make her doubt the wisdom of the gamble. I have been amazed in the last few years at the expressions of envy that have come from my domestically occupied married friends.

Last year at a small luncheon in an exclusive woman's social club in a large city the conversation turned on women going into business. To my surprise every woman there, presumably happily married, mistress of expensive establishments and sharer of an extremely large income, expressed an intention or a desire to go in for money-making. Interested, I put questions. I found they were actuated by two things: one, to have some money "all their own," and the other, to prove their worth to their husbands. This latter I offer as evidence of my contention that women have the same American hope of success that actuates the American man. Such an attitude does not augur well for the continuity of the marriage bond whose essential is partnership, not competition.

It may seem illogical for a feminist to argue for housewifery as a business and housewives as worthy of their hire. But the very essence of feminism is that if a woman confines her labors to housewifery it should be as a business. It is the idle, irresponsible, parasitic wives who are scorned by feminists. Granted there are husbands who want their wives to be cooks, nurses, valets and housewives, and granted there are wives whose talents lie in that direction—and not to grant it is to ignore man and woman nature—no one can deny that housewifery can be made a business. Only those women whose work takes them away from managing their own homes can appreciate the importance of the service such wives render and how much they can contribute to their husband's success.

I realize the practical difficulties in the way even after sentiment has been eliminated. It is not possible with small incomes which can barely cover necessities to divide the small surplus, and to take it out of the husband's name might weaken his own financial standing and limit his opportunities. But it is possible for them to keep books and for him to charge off to her account half of all the profits from savings. It is possible sometimes even to invest a portion in bonds which she can own outright. They are as good security at the bank in her name as in his. And a bank would soon appreciate the partnership. In far more cases than it is done actual wages could be paid and if cash is not available I. O. U.'s to be paid out of future profits need not be scorned. When a man does make money he could make some of it over actually to his wife, put properly in her name, and ask her to make a will. If it is necessary for him to use it as capital it could be left to him for life and entailed to her children or there could be devised some legal process whereby in return for its use he would agree to leave a percentage to her children.

Or it might be possible to incorporate the home. The husband puts in it so much cash to be paid monthly, the wife puts in her labor at equal valuation so that profits are shared equally. These profits are, first of all, board and lodging for two people fixed at their cash value—what it would cost them to get as much in hotel or boarding house—and in addition a cash sum the husband pays per year for the satisfaction, pride, inspiration he gets from having such a home. Out of this the wife is paid a manager's salary first of all and the other profits are divided equally. Her entertainments are charged against her salary. He pays cash for what use he makes of the home to entertain clients or friends. This may not be the most equitable arrangement. But the plan is suggestive. If there are children the cost of their board, lodging and entertainment is divided equally between husband and wife. But, naturally, her salary is increased.

It is not, of course, with those husbands who desire to share with their wives, those with the will and understanding that the trouble lies. It is for those others who would only do it on compulsion that a system is necessary. There is a compulsion of custom, however, as well as of law. Once it was regarded as the usual and proper thing it would be generally followed. Yet law is one of the best ways of fixing custom. For this reason there should be established by legal procedure some system whereby marriage partakes of a financial partnership. A certain per cent of a man's income could be legally chargeable to his wife and stand in her name. Or it could be done by a marriage contract whereby he agrees for labor given

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by her to housewifery to make on her a certain settlement per year to be conveyable on her death to whomsoever she devise it.

I would never favor beginning with law. First must come recognition of the need. Then pioneers, then custom, and last law. There is no law forcing a man to leave all his property to his wife and make her executrix, but the practice is growing. Many men left provisions for their wives before the dower law made it imperative to do so.

Other interests besides justice and social good lead toward that direction. The income tax has brought the Napoleon Code, as it applies to the family division of property, into high favor. In those states formed from the Louisiana Purchase and the Spanish accessions where this code is the basic law, as the old common law of England is in other states, at marriage the property of the family becomes automatically divided equally between husband and wife. True, the control of it is vested in the husband as head of the family but the income tax authorities have ruled that for taxation purposes the returns of husband and wife shall be made separately as the ownership is separate. This gives an advantage in the case of large incomes as each return separately comes into a lower bracket than would be the case if they were added together and the tax is lower. Many men who would not have dreamed of it otherwise are dividing their property between themselves and wives for the same purpose.

There is another influence working in the direction of profits for wives. A large number of women entering matrimony today have worked for wages or salaries before their marriage. This has given them an appreciation of the value of their services. It has also placed on them a monetary value. When asked to give these services for nothing they feel an unfairness. They are not unaware of what they give up even though aware of what they gain. There cannot fail to occur to them the thought that they have a vested right in a part of the family income. A habit of thought has been formed and marriage does not kill it. Their only resource is their labor. Some arrangement with their husbands as to money they may keep in their own name is inevitable. There is no row about it. A husband whose wife has given up a job that paid as large a salary as his is not blind to what she has sacrificed. He is willing to make part of the sacrifice and he is very likely to say: "We shall divide." And he does not insult her by suggesting that her share shall be carried in his name.

Drawn for the Outlook by Malcolm Eaton

"—He pays cash for what use he makes out of the home to entertain clients or friends."

Many of these young women take out life insurance policies which are to be paid up in twenty years. The premiums must be kept up. What more natural than that such a wife shall specify that her husband shall keep up these premiums in return for the time and labor she gives to him? The paid-up policy becomes hers to do with as she will.

Already it is "the thing" in many circles for the home to be put into the wife's name. This means that it is hers. Except for the courtesy interest allowed to the husband in certain states equivalent to the wife's dower interest she may will it as she will. Why should not women who live in apartments have cash instead? This is a question they will soon be asking if some of them have not already.

Many young people starting out today in marriage have an arrangement whereby the household and family expenses are first paid out of the husband's income and what is left divided equally between the two, she investing hers as she sees fit.

I do not go so far as to say that there should be equal division. This must depend on the amount of the income, the needs of the husband's business, his opportunities and abilities, the amount of work that he does as compared with hers. The business of housekeeping in the business world does not command the rewards that go with banking, manufacturing, management. There is no reason why it should in a home. And it is only the work that the wife does, the economic services that she renders that call for payment in cash. Account should be taken, of course, of what she might command in the open market. If a man chooses to employ a man in his office whose abilities can command a high salary elsewhere to do work which could be done by a lower priced man, he pays him what the man is worth rather than what the work is worth. Many husbands will be up against the same situation. If to housekeeping a wife adds advice that increases his profits, if the home she makes is a factor in his own efficiency, her services are naturally worth more.

It will be complained that in the foregoing paragraph I have left out the fact that the wife is the mother of a man's children; that I have forgotten the love and affection he gives her which is her reward. But I am discussing her economic situation shorn of sentimental

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A Citizen Looks at the Farmer

By M. D. FOLLIN

IT SEEMS odd that so many of those who consider the farmer, whether in print or legislation, deal with the tillers of the soil as though they formed a homogeneous group, with common aims and interests; whereas the "farmers," on the contrary, separate obviously into at least two large divisions, whose needs are almost diametrically opposed. These two classes consist of those who farm as a business, and those who farm as a living. The first invest sufficient capital just as they would in a store or factory, for profit; the second till the soil in a rather desperate attempt to keep soul and body together. It is true that these two classes merge somewhat through an overlapping fringe; but they are far from identical as to their requirements.

A disregard of this distinction has led thinkers to many false conclusions, and legislators up many a blind alley, in an honest effort to puzzle out an answer to the "farm question."

Study of these two groups shows how little they have in common, save the name of "farmer"; since what would materially benefit the one would be of small value to the other; the same "relief" cannot plaster both sores, however desperately the sores need attention. The help for the little "living" fellow would appear to be of a local nature, such as a lifting the burden of cash payments like taxes; while the more important "business" chap requires a larger field to draw from; a field which may possibly be reached through federal legislation; though it is doubtful whether *any* legislation would be of permanent benefit to him. Each legislative pot of gold put out for him is promptly raided by some one else a bit quicker in the uptake.

FIRST, as to those who farm as a business: that is, with a view of making a substantial profit out of the enterprise. Like any other industry of relative importance, say a shoe factory or a machine shop, they have reasonably adequate capital to start with; they can, and do, buy the best labor saving equipment; they can afford efficient help; they can secure expert advice. Thus they are like any other industrial plant, or factory seeking to swell its profits under the guise of "relief." They urge for themselves special privileges to prey on a large scale; in the belief that they are so essentially necessary as producers that those who are preyed upon will be glad to pay the extra tribute rather than have them stop farming. Some of those who are called upon to contribute under this impression are beginning to feel that it can be overdone.

Running to Washington for special favors and privileges is not a remedy; it is a disease. And it is unfortunate that the farmers are so often fooled by it. They go to the Congress for tariff favors, when the most elementary reasoning should make clear to them that they can be helped only by taking the tariff levy off what they have to buy, rather than by putting it on what they have to sell. They combine with labor to shut out immigration, blind to the fact that every stranger who comes to this country, man, woman, or child, makes one more mouth for the farmer to feed, one more body for him to clothe and care for. In thus seeking to limit by legislation a market he should use every effort to enlarge, the farmer is running true to form, taking some one else's ready made opinions, instead of thinking for himself. I wonder, sometimes, whether, as a class, they are as congenitally bright and capable of that keen analysis of political policies and benefits as we often hold them to be.

THAT we may see the conditions side by side, let us pass for a moment to those who till the soil as a manner of living. We find this class has inadequate capital to start with; an amount of capital and a proportion of debt that would spell sure disaster in almost any other enterprise. They must work hard—bitter hard at times—but too often without proper experience. They have efficient, but small scale tools; a spade and a hoe are admirable tools but not adapted to large activities. They usually buy a great deal more land than they can use profitably, and till what they have unskilfully; they seem disinclined to profit by another man's training and experience, save when he happens to be a neighbor who grubs along in the same rut; in him they may place some confidence, perhaps because they look on him as "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh." An innate suspicion of any one a bit more prosperous works to their disadvantage.

It is obvious that under these handicaps they cannot organize and co-operate for special political consideration, nor special legislative privileges; indeed, they could hardly take advantage of them, if offered. They are congenitally incompetent, and most of their troubles flow naturally from that fault. In either the city or in country, they would need help; some one would have to order things to make their lot easier.

Nevertheless, though incompetent, I maintain that they can do more towards their own support on a piece of land, than they could under almost any other conditions. In the city they would be wards of the Poor Commission; in the country they can, at least, feed themselves, and so be less of a burden for some one else to carry.

Since they should raise much of what they consume, the relief for this class must be largely a relief from the paying out of cash; this together with some competent advice as to what to raise and how to raise it. Their greatest need for cash is to pay taxes, and the charges on borrowed money; without this recurring drain, a very little actual money would suffice them. Help in the matter of taxes should be given, as it sometimes is in the city, by having their taxes reduced, or cancelled outright, on the ground of poverty. They should even be exempted from special assessments while they yet struggle towards independence. To fine these people heavily for nonpayment of taxes, and finally to sell them out for this delinquency is humbug; humbug begotten of greed and stupidity; greed on the part of some one who covets "Naboth's Vineyard," stupidity in the planning of those in authority, elected to govern wisely, in the interest of all. It is not for the common weal that such people should be thus destroyed.

IN MY own state, Michigan, one may not lend money at eight per cent, because of the laws against usury. But a person buying a delinquent tax title may demand one hundred per cent on his money and be within the law. Even the state itself collects ten or twelve per cent on these sums by calling the additional sum a "penalty." Is this kind, just, or necessary?

I wish, in addition, there might be some way of warning this class against buying more land than they need. They could then eat what they raise and, at

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least, feed themselves; instead of being obliged, as now, to sell their scanty produce to get a pitiful, but to them almost unobtainable, supply of cash for these special outlays which require it.

Beyond this they should have advice as to marketing, so that what they do raise to sell shall bring them a profit such as they cannot realize by raising the ordinary staple crops which others can produce to better advantage. For instance, one man near Boston, having sunk nearly all his money raising corn and potatoes on his small place, wrote to the Agricultural Station for advice before giving up. After investigation the station told him to plant Hubbard squash, for which Boston pumpkin pies furnished a good market. By this shift he turned an almost unmarketable crop into a profitable one, and came out ahead for the first time in years.

Again: I have a piece of waste land on which stand six chestnut trees. They have required no care since the original planting some fifteen years ago. We use the nuts ourselves; but could easily get eight or ten dollars a bushel for them, and need only to pick them up. An acre would contain a hundred such trees.

Michigan farmers have changed thousands of acres of unprofitable potatoes and beans into merchantable celery, lettuce and asparagus; while as for mint, the jaws of flapperdom bless Michigan daily with their morsel of chewing gum. People starved on the sandy western soils of our state for years until they happened to hit on the peach crop as a life saver. It was all of that and more.

These are merely hints as to the value of helping the small land holder to shift from the staple crops which can be raised and marketed more cheaply when handled in large areas, to specialties that may enable him to carry on. If this is done under the advice of the Agricultural Station or the County Agent or some one who really knows crop conditions, many a small land holder can be kept afloat; and he is worth keeping.

I was for many years associated with the late Governor Pingree of Michigan. While still Mayor of Detroit he tried a plan which earned him the name of "Potato" Pingree. After a particularly hard winter, when he had many poor to feed, he secured the owners' consent to plant a number of pieces of vacant real estate within the city limits. These he had plowed by the city, and after furnishing free seed for planting —made allotments to the poor, where they could raise food against the existing hard times. Chiefly potatoes were planted since they were more easily cared for by those untrained in crop raising. The experiment cost the city about $1,000; but the crop raised and harvested by the poor was estimated to total about $12,000. Thus the poor had food laid up for the winter months, and had preserved much worth-while self-respect.

Such a plan carefully worked out and followed, would help many people in the rural districts to maintain themselves, if not in comfort, at least free from actual want. Free plowing, free spraying, free seed and a heart free from the fear of day after tomorrow, would put many a rural community on its feet.

I KNOW that figures and statistics make dull reading; yet I would like to refer to a report of the Department of Agriculture a few years ago, covering some 500 farms, aggregating about 100,000 acres of land. In that year the cost of raising a bushel of wheat ran from $1.10 to $14.40; the average being $2.65. The market price of wheat that year was averaged at $2.15. About one-fourth of the farmers raised their wheat for less than the stated $2.15; the other three-quarters did not.

Now I do not offer the above as a prelude to a sob story over the farmers. If the figures indicate anything, they show gross carelessness and inexcusable stupidity; a condition no legislation can hope to correct. If seventy-five farmers out of every hundred sold their wheat for less than it cost to raise it—and this condition still persists—why were they raising wheat at all? No intelligent answer to this question is possible. As the late Frank Colby says: "Perhaps God knows; God and Upton Sinclair."

The surmise is that 75 per cent of the men raising wheat that year were working on a "living" basis; not on a "business" one. They should have raised no wheat at all, save what they needed for their own consumption. If the wheat was for their own use, it made no difference whether the cost was $1.10 or $14.40, since it was their own labor, otherwise valueless, which they were consuming. It was only when these "farmers" tried to sell their wheat to buy beef, or pay taxes, that they were sunk. Then their labor was no longer valueless, since it thus came to be valued in terms of beef, whose price was thus prohibitive.

The "relief" of the 25 per cent who farm as a business enterprise is too large a subject to take up here. With Mr. Hyde, Mr. Legge and their associates at the helm, it is doubtless in competent

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Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

JULY
An etching by Laurence F. Peck

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The Trend of Events

Honors Even

WETS and drys collided head on last week, without much advantage to either.

Meeting in their state convention, Delaware Democrats gave their senatorial nomination to Thomas F. Bayard, out-and-out wet, in preference to Josiah Marvel, president of the American Bar Association, who ran with the support of the drys.

In the Republican primary in Massachusetts, William Morgan Butler—formerly United States Senator, formerly chairman of the Republican National Committee and favorite of Calvin Coolidge—took the nomination for senator away from the wet Eben S. Draper. Mr. Draper ran well, losing to Mr. Butler by only about 8,000 votes in a total vote of 340,000, with 23,000 votes going to the comic-strip candidate, the "moist" Bossy Gillis of Newburyport; but organization and dry support, plus the profusion with which his heart bled for labor, put Mr. Butler over.

While the dry Mr. Butler and the dry Frank G. Allen were winning the Republican nominations for senator and governor, the fourteen per cent modificationist Marcus Aurelius Coolidge—yes, a very distant relation—and the wet Joseph B. Ely were winning the Democratic nominations for the same offices. Massachusetts, therefore, will have a clean-cut wet-dry fight this November, a prospect to which Democrats look forward with a happy confidence which strikes Republicans as more than a little bit cruel.

The La Follettes

INTEREST CENTERED last week less on the Bayard-Butler triumphs in Delaware and Massachusetts than on the La Follette walkaway in Wisconsin. In the Republican primary of September 16, Walter Kohler fell out of the governorship, while Philip La Follette, young Bob's younger brother, climbed in, winning the Republican nomination, in Wisconsin equivalent to the election.

It was a famous victory, won by 110,000 votes, with the whole Progressive slate sliding easily over the Conservatives. The La Follette boys—both are still in their early thirties—are now Wisconsin's proprietors. Bob will sit in the Senate, Phil will be Governor, there will be nine rather than eight Progressives among the state's eleven members of Congress and both houses of the state legislature will be Progressive through and through. Should Philip so wish, very likely he could join his brother in the Senate in 1932. Doubtless he realizes that two La Follettes in the Senate would seem to the country one too many, and that, in any case, it would be wiser for him to keep an eye on things back home.

The La Follettes now occupy a unique

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EASY WINNER
Philip La Follette wins Republican nomination for governor in Wisconsin

and exciting position. For the next two years, every movement they make will be narrowly watched. Their opportunities are extraordinary, their responsibilities formidable for brothers so young. Fortunately, they both have level heads and shoulders sturdy enough to bear any reasonable burden. That they will discharge their duties to the credit of themselves and to the advantage of their state we firmly believe.

Roosevelt's Dilemma

BOTH GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT of New York and United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle know what it is to be caught between the horns of a dilemma. Mr. Tuttle, in line for the New York Republican nomination for governor, placed the Democratic executive between the points by revealing evil conditions in the judiciary of New York City. Digging skilfully into Federal cases involving charges of mail frauds and evaded tax returns—and, let it be emphasized, performing a valuable service thereby—he forced the Governor to decide whether or not he would order a state investigation, specifically, an investigation into assertions that former Magistrate George F. Ewald had paid Tammany politicians $10,000 for his seat on the bench; generally, an investigation into intimations that Tammany had perfected a system of selling judgeships.

Had the Governor not ordered the investigation he would have left himself open to campaign charges of obstructing justice and giving aid and comfort to Tammany, whose own District Attorney Crain had not pressed the county grand jury into indicting Ewald. To order the investigation was equally dangerous: Governor Roosevelt faced not only the possibility of alienating valuable Tammany support but the probability that more scandals would be uncovered for the Republicans to turn against him.

The Governor chose to order two investigations: one by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court into the city's lower courts, the other by Attorney General Ward and a special grand jury into the Ewald case. Four days after the first evidence was presented, the grand jury returned indictments against Ewald and his young wife, charged with office-buying, against Martin J. Healy, a Tammany district leader, charged with receiving the $10,000, and against Thomas T. Tommaney, charged with being the intermediary in the transaction. The grand jury then prepared for a broader investigation.

Governor Roosevelt seems to have seized the right horn. His personal integrity remains what it always has been—unimpeachable. Whatever may be said in the heat of a campaign, however strenuous the effort to identify him with Tammany, no one really suspects him of having any conscious connection with the sale of judgeships. Nor is there much reason to believe that, at best, a scandal issue is very effective. One remembers how the public responded to the oil scandals under the Republican Harding by electing the Republican

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Coolidge. Now that the state investigation launched by Governor Roosevelt has moved with such speed and determination, it is even possible that the public will be inclined to connect the Governor with the detection, rather than the protection, of wrongdoing.

▶▶*And Tuttle's*

FOR HIMSELF United States Attorney Tuttle created a dilemma of a different sort. He set about to disclose municipal corruption, displayed his exposures dramatically, and found, naturally enough, that indictments of Tammany affiliates placed him far ahead of other candidates for the Republican nomination for governor. But the further he advanced the more necessary it became for him to clarify his view on prohibition.

A declaration for repeal promised to bring him into conflict with the drys, to split the Republican party, to alienate support upstate, the section most appreciative of attacks on Tammany. On the other hand, to come out dry might be even more disastrous, for a dry would have little chance of winning the Republican nomination in wet New York and less of winning the election.

Mr. Tuttle cut the knot by declaring for repeal. He would replace the Eighteenth Amendment with another amendment, restoring the control of intoxicants to the states, specifically outlawing the saloon and private liquor traffic, vesting the federal government with power to assist states which wished prohibition in whole or in part. His formula practically paralleled that announced a week before by Governor Roosevelt. His conclusions, he said, represented "a change of opinion, slowly arrived at."

The statement was coupled with Mr. Tuttle's resignation as United States Attorney. It was supplemented by the strange assertion that he did not wish to be considered as a candidate for the Republican nomination. This was generally viewed as a hint to the drafters and a bid for a wet platform. Many Republican leaders were ready to accept both hint and bid but they had little assurance that, even so, Mr. Tuttle could defeat Governor Roosevelt. Intellectually speaking, Mr. Tuttle grasped the right horn. Politically speaking, neither horn may have been the right one.

▶▶*Judge Kellogg*

THE ELECTION OF Frank B. Kellogg as a judge of the World Court was neither unexpected nor without political motive. The American panel of judges in the Hague Court of Arbitration had nominated Mr. Kellogg to succeed Charles Evans Hughes. He was elected by the League of Nations Council and Assembly on the first ballot over eleven other Americans suggested by other national panels.

A phrase by M. Briand, taken out of its context, explains the election of Mr. Kellogg—"the personal prestige attached to his name." This prestige—it might be called publicity value—descended on Mr. Kellogg when, with French Foreign Minister Briand, he sponsored the so-called Kellogg-Briand pact to outlaw war. Prior to that time he had not been an outstanding international figure. As Senator from Minnesota from 1917 to 1923, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in 1924, and Secretary of State under Coolidge, he moved softly, attempting little and accomplishing less of great moment. Then, nearing the close of his term in the State Department, the white-haired, stooped-shouldered official stumbled upon the peace instrument whose world-wide acceptance lifted his name into headlines all over the world.

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WORLD COURT JUDGE
Frank B. Kellogg, former Secretary of State, elected to international tribunal

At Geneva the Kellogg-Briand pact is regarded as a contract between the United States and members of the League, adding strength to the Covenant. Hence Mr. Kellogg's desirability as another unofficial link between Geneva and Washington, a figurehead to publicize and popularize the Court in America and elsewhere. Such considerations probably weighed more heavily with members of the Council and Assembly than the judicial qualities of the nominee.

Mr. Kellogg has never shown the legal scholarship and ability of John Bassett Moore, the first American on the World Court, or of Mr. Hughes, the second. This is not to say that he falls below the standard set by the average World Court judge; he does not. His greatest usefulness, however, may lie in a direction more political than judicial. His election recalls that nearly a year has passed since the United States signed the protocols providing for our membership in the court. Since then Mr. Kellogg has shown no sympathy with the delay in securing the Senate's ratification of these protocols. Should his presence as a judge hasten our adherence to the court, his election would be valuable indeed.

▶▶*Russia Sells Short*

EVERY ONE KNEW that wheat prices were falling but no one had guessed that the responsibility devolved on Soviet Russia. Then Secretary of Agriculture Hyde read in the newspapers that the All-Russian Textile Syndicate had sold 5,000,000 bushels of wheat short in the Chicago market. He confirmed the report at the syndicate's headquarters, called on President Hoover and wired to President Bunnell of the Chicago Board of Trade.

Mr. Hyde charged that the Russian sales were made for the purpose of lowering the wheat price, thereby creating further unrest among American farmers. He said that the Russians could not deliver grain in Chicago because of the American tariff of 42 cents a bushel. He asked that the Exchange advise him what provisions it had made, or could make, to stop price manipulation.

Mr. Bunnell wired for the facts upon which the charges were based, promising to use them in an investigation. He suggested, laconically, that Mr. Hyde consult the Secretary of State on the

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right of Soviet Russia to transact business here, reminded him that Chicago was the recognized world grain market and added that "hedges" protecting grain in all parts of the world were customarily placed there.

Secretary Hyde was convinced that the Russian syndicate had more up its sleeve than the well-recognized policy of hedging—selling mythical wheat short in America so that possible losses on actual wheat in Russia would be compensated by paper profits in Chicago. Again he called on President Hoover and again he wired to President Bunnell. He told Mr. Bunnell that the facts would be supplied and advised him that the Board of Trade was compelled by law to prevent "manipulation of prices." Hearing next day that the Russian sales aggregated 7,500,000 bushels, Mr. Hyde hastened to Chicago to conduct a personal investigation.

In the midst of the uproar, Representative Fish announced that he would summon the Russian officials before his congressional committee investigating the activities of Communists. He would. But Senator Dill contrasted the five million bushels sold by the Russians with the nineteen billion bushels sold last year in the Chicago pit. He thought that Secretary Hyde and the Farm Board members were "grabbing at a straw." James E. Bennett, head of a Chicago grain firm by that name, said: "So-called farm relief is hopelessly ineffective and it looks like somebody is looking for an alibi. Of course, we have to have something to wipe our feet on and Russia makes a good doormat."

From which it would seem that Mr. Bennett knows more about politics than Secretary Hyde knows about wheat selling.

▸▸*Talley Still Tills*

COME THE FIRST HINTS of autumn. Come moving vans, a haze in the air towards evening, short fur coats, schoolboys playing football in vacant lots, chestnut vendors and bunches of bitter-sweet. Come rumors that Marion Talley has abandoned her farm, has renewed her singing lessons and before long will return to the footlights. Come denials of rumors that Marion Talley has abandoned her farm, has renewed her singing lessons and before long will return to the footlights.

Don't tell the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce you've forgotten Marion Talley. Kansas City Chamber of Commerce spent rafts of money back in 1926 sending a delegation to attend 19-year-old Marion's début in *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan, setting up a telegraph set backstage so Marion's father could report the well-known thronged house, milling thousands and salvos of applause to the folks back home. Kansas City was pretty indignant during Marion's four seasons with the Metropolitan, when New York critics agreed that, though moderately gifted, she was not quite ready for a Metropolitan career.

Wide World

THROUGH THE WHEAT
Marion Talley on her well known farm in Kansas

And pretty puzzled when Marion gave up singing (forever, she said) and turned farmer.

Kansas City won't worry, though, as long as you remember Miss Talley. As long as there are plenty of pictures available, showing Miss Talley, wearing long ear-rings, inspecting her crops, riding a tractor, feeding her animals. As long as there are rumors and denials of rumors that she will return to the opera. And since the rumors are persistent and the ear-rings unforgettable, it is more than likely that the public will be adequately reminded of Miss Talley until she does indeed decide to abandon her farm and try her luck again.

▸▸*Canada Hits Back*

AMERICA'S FOLLY, the new Hawley-Smoot tariff law, has brought a stinging answer from Canada. Fifty-one days after the election in which his Conservative party defeated the Liberals, Premier Bennett rushed into effect an emergency measure boosting the Canadian tariff on 130 articles. Some months ago Canadian Liberals met our Hawley-Smoot bill with a set of countervailing rates. Now, however, the Conservatives, generally speaking, not only match America's wall brick for brick, but top their wall with a row of spikes. Whatever polite nothings may be uttered to the contrary, the new schedules are aimed squarely at the United States.

The Bennett rates fall into three classes: the low preferential, for certain goods produced within the British Empire; the intermediate, for goods from favored nations; the general, for goods from the United States and other countries with which Canada has no reciprocal trade treaties.

The rates on agricultural machinery illustrate the workings of the new Canadian tariff, which will be supplanted by a permanent, and probably, skyward, revision at the next session of Parliament. Harvesters, cultivators, seed drills, horse rakes and other machinery, much in demand on Canada's prairies, continue on the free list if imported from the Empire. For the favored nations the rate is increased from seven and one-half to fifteen per cent; for the United States, the principal source of such machinery, from seven and one-half to twenty-five per cent. Again, the duty on a thousand pounds of pork is increased to $20 if it comes from the Empire, $25 if from favored nations, and $60 if from the United States. So run other duties, for example, those on textiles, boots and shoes.

Some English observers find Premier Bennett preparing bargaining material to be used in the debate on empire free trade at the Imperial conference in London. Whether he is or not, he expects his emergency measure to create jobs for more than 25,000 of Canada's unemployed. To offset criticism of the increases, he has made favored Canadian producers pledge themselves not to raise prices and threatens them with reduced duties if the pledges are broken. Nevertheless the ultimate, if not the immediate, tendency of prices in Canada will probably be upward.

So the North American tariff war is

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well under way. We have hit our best customer and she has hit us, her best customer, back. Both the Bennett and the Hawley-Smoot measures are obstacles to the return of prosperity.

▶▶*Tariff Commissioners*

WHEN CANADA began to jack up its tariff rates to Hawley-Smoot levels some Americans may have wondered why, instead of giving us tit for tat, it did not wait for a downward revision by our Tariff Commission. Probably some were naïve enough to believe those promises which were so common around the middle of June, when President Hoover approved the highest tariff wall in American history. The new Tariff Commission—so ran these promises—would be nothing like the old. It would be a scientific commission which would conduct prompt, searching investigations into the 887 rates raised by Congress and probably adjust most of them downward.

Well-informed Canadians dismissed these prophecies as nonsense, and therein they were sensible, as Mr. Hoover's appointments to the commission now demonstrate. Not only is the new commission much like the old one; to a large extent it is the old one. The naming of Henry P. Fletcher, apostle of high tariffs, as chairman of the commission was partly balanced by the choice of Thomas Walker Page, Virginia Democrat, once the commission's chairman, and presumably an opponent of tariff skyscrapers. When the next three appointees were named, however, it became plain that the commission's ideals would be the ideals of Senator Grundy. They were Edgar B. Brossard, Utah Republican, member of the old commission, Reed Smoot's protégé and darling of the sugarbeet growers; John Lee Coulter, North Dakota Republican, chief economist and chairman of the old commission's advisory committee, and Alfred P. Dennis, another member of the old commission who is called a Maryland Democrat but is known to walk the middle of the road.

Some critics are railing at Mr. Hoover for his delay in naming the sixth member, who by law must be a Democrat. They are wasting good breath. Whoever the sixth member may be, the present personnel of the commission indicates that it will never recommend the far-reaching downward revisions without which the Hawley-Smoot law will remain an abomination.

▶▶*Victor*

THE PICTURE OF Sir Thomas Lipton at eighty years making his fifth attempt to capture the America's Cup overshadowed that of Harold S. Vanderbilt. Sir Thomas was hailed—and rightly—as the world's finest loser. Most people ignored the fact that Vanderbilt, thirty-four years the baronet's junior, had shown almost as much persistence as Sir Thomas. Sir Thomas, issuing his first challenge at fifty, tried four more times before sighing, "I canna win."

Keystone

SKIPPER

Harold S. Vanderbilt who sailed Enterprise to victory

Vanderbilt drove to victory in his first series, but only after a lifetime of preparation.

Tradition has young Vanderbilt at the age of five sailing clam shells in the lily pond back of his father's house at Newport. Youngest son of William K. Vanderbilt, he was born in 1884, bred to yachting and financed without stint. At seven he was handling a small sloop; at twelve a larger one; at fifteen he heard of Sir Thomas's first challenge. Thereafter, for much of the time he lived aloof to all save the tugging canvas and the heaving deck, planning for the red-letter days he has just experienced.

Dances, debutantes and late hours claimed young Vanderbilt rarely. Rigorous exercise, navigation books and sailing craft claimed him often. He spent three years as an undergraduate at Harvard and three more in Harvard Law School, but probably held his 1910 victory in a schooner race to Bermuda more highly than his scholastic honors. This minor prize followed, as it preceded, many defeats.

After commanding a submarine chaser detachment during the War, he returned to yachting, won the King's Cup in 1922 and 1925 and became Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. An authority on bridge—his the Vanderbilt convention—a disappointed loser at the last national tournament, he plays cards as determinedly as he sailed the cup defender. He frowns on chatter around the bridge table. During the recent racing season he did not play at all. His days then were sixteen hours long, starting with exercise on his steam yacht Vara and closing with a book on navigation. He held trial spins, practice manoeuvres and strategy consultations without end. He is noted for his experiments; he will try any gadget promising more speed.

How he sailed Enterprise to two easy victories, took the third when the Shamrock lost her main halyard, and not only won the fourth race but clipped three minutes off the twenty-nine-year record for a thirty-mile cup course—all this is now well-known. Future contests for the America's Cup may lose some of Sir Thomas's charm, but they may gain some of Vanderbilt's vigor.

▶▶*"Public Enemies"*

THAT WAS A PITIFUL STORY which came out of Chicago early last week. In all seriousness, it declared that Municipal Judge Lyle, resurrecting a law of 1874, had issued warrants against twenty-six of the "public enemies" listed by the Chicago Crime Commission last April. These men, we were told, are bootleggers, hi-jackers, gang chiefs, racketeers, hoodlums or whatnot. Headed by Scarface Al Capone, the list includes many other well-known names—Ralph Capone, Mops Volpe, Frankie Rio, Machine Gun Jack McGurn, Bugs Moran, Joseph Aiello, Klondike O'Donnell, Terence Druggan.

And what are these Chicagoans charged with? They are charged, Lord

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bless you, with vagrancy. The police were told to round them up, though only one of them had been taken at the end of the week. Apparently the maximum sentence for vagrancy is six months. So that, if all twenty-six public enemies are caught, as many of them probably won't be, convicted, as many of them probably won't be, and made to serve the stiffest possible terms, as many of them probably won't be, they will all be out again at the end of six months.

The Chicago *Daily News* boasts that back in February and March it issued lists of public enemies naming all those later named by the Crime Commission. So doing, it urged the authorities to take action. But, says the paper, the authorities "floundered and 'explained.' It has taken seven months and many more than that number of murders to bring about judicial orders for the arrest of the hoodlums exposed by the *Daily News.*" Now, however, the authorities wake up. And, as the tired old phrase goes, how! Half strangled by the lords of its underworld, Chicago defends itself by calling them naughty vagrants and threatening them with brief terms of confinement.

Come, come, Chicago. Chicago, come, come. If it is impossible to treat public enemies any more drastically than this, give them City Hall now and be done with it.

▶▶*Critic-Candidate*

CONNECTICUT DEMOCRATS have shown excellent judgment in nominating Wilbur L. Cross for governor. Mr. Cross was chosen while the convention hall echoed the applause of a eulogy calling him a "providential candidate" capable of ending the "one-man bureaucracy" of J. Henry Roraback, Connecticut's Republican boss.

We're not so sure about that. We seem to recall that pre-election speeches have ended Rorabackism pretty regularly for a good many years, but that somehow it has failed to end. If any one is to end it, however, it might well be Mr. Cross.

Dean emeritus of the Yale Graduate School, editor of the *Yale Review*, authority on the novel, a critic of international reputation, he is the type of man who is constantly being urged to enter the ruleless rows of politics. More, he seems likely to make a fight of it, without too great regard for his dignity. Unemployment, he says, is the principal issue, but he tackles prohibition squarely. He stands for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment that the control of liquor may be restored to the states. Action, he says, is imperative. Americans must be kept from degenerating into a nation of gin-drinkers, with all the biological, social and economic disasters that implies.

Ordinarily, a Democratic nomination for governor in Republican Connecticut is a rather sour compliment. While the Republican nominee, Trumbull, defeated the Democrat, Morris, by but 44,000 votes in the presidential year 1928, he defeated the same opponent by 85,000 votes in the off-year 1926, with which 1930 probably should be compared. Un-

Keystone

POLITICO-LITERARY

Wilbur L. Cross of Yale, candidate for governor in Connecticut

employment, business depression and so on may or may not justify unusual Democratic hopes this year. We rather suspect that J. Henry and his candidate for governor, Ernest E. Rogers, a dry running on a wet state platform, are losing no sleep over Republican prospects. Nevertheless, we're just optimistic enough to hope that Connecticut will give Dean Cross enough support to elect him.

▶▶*Weather-Reformer*

SPECULATIONS at the Belmont Park race track this season were divided between the horses and two odd-looking huts at some distance from the grandstand, where Dr. G. A. I. M. Sykes and his secret apparatus of wires, batteries and old radio equipment were busy keeping off rain. Dr. Sykes, director of an organization which he calls the Weather Control Bureau, contracted, for $1,000 a day on week days and $2,500 on Saturday, to produce clear weather during the first week of the fall meeting. If rain fell on any day, he was to forfeit $2,000. When skeptics wondered whether the continued clear weather during that week was due to Dr. Sykes or coincidence, the affronted wizard offered to produce rain on a certain day or pay a forfeit, just to show them.

You will be surprised to learn that, on one of the days when Dr. Sykes was being paid to keep off rain, there was a slight drizzle. That, on the day when he had contracted to produce rain, none fell. You will be surprised, that is, if you are a believer in the buckeye as a preventive of rheumatism. Otherwise you will be saying to yourself that, if there is so much ingenuousness left in the world, there should be more people to take advantage of it.

But before you abandon a good, steady job to set yourself up as a salesman of swamp lots or magic youth-restorer, stop and think. The opening week at Belmont Park is lucrative. On its last day, Futurity Day, is run what is said to be the richest race in the world. Weather, of course, is of primary importance, both to the condition of the track and the size of the crowd. Add to this the fact that there has been enough theorizing on radio's possible effect on climatic conditions to give Dr. Sykes' principle a faint—though almost indistinguishable—claim on credulity. Add, further, the space which the rainmaker won for Belmont Park in the newspapers and you will be more skeptical of this apparent lack of skepticism. Take him for all in all, Dr. Sykes probably earned his salary.

▶▶*Alarums in Europe*

SOME OF THE OBSTACLES to peace, and hence to the Briand or any other plan for international collaboration in Europe, are indicated by the following reports from European cities:

Belgrade: Two weeks after the Fascist execution of four Slovene subjects of Italy at Trieste, the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes of Yugoslavia were uniting against the Italians. Refugees were returning from Italy protesting against the imprisonment of 20,000 Croats and Slovenes, and the "murder" of more than 2,000 others in the past eight years.

Prague: Czechoslovakian Legionaires denounced the Fascist executions, dem-

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onstrations were barred by the police to prevent diplomatic complications with Italy, the Italian legation was stormed by Czechoslovakian Fascists, the newspapers continued to berate Italian Fascism, the Chamber of Deputies issued a protest against Italy's outrages against her Slav minority, and Minister of War Viskovsky emphasized the nation's loyalty to Yugoslavia.

Rome: The Fascist party published a note on the executions, declaring that "more lead awaits other backs. The Fascist revolution is determined to protect itself within and without its frontiers," while the party announced a reorganization of its Blackshirt army that would place the 363,465 soldiers at the peak of fighting efficiency.

Paris: The new French budget increased next year's military outlay by 725,000,000 francs, the possibility of a Franco-Italian naval accord seemed more remote, *Le Temps* asserted that "Germany has created a new professional army and a professional navy" and was drawing closer to Soviet Russia, while *Le Petit Parisien* reported military preparations in Hungary involving the mobilization of reserve officers and the examination of 200,000 young men for military service.

London: The British Foreign Office was reported agreed that all German political parties were seeking a revision of the Versailles Treaty, a readjustment of the Polish frontier and a new deal on reparations, while Dr. Tiber Eckhardt, vice-president of the Hungarian Frontier Readjustment League, predicted that a European war would start in Yugoslavia by 1937.

Granted that it has been possible to draw up such a list of alarming European developments at almost any time since the War. The point to be made here is that it is still possible today. Such developments furnish a threatening background for efforts toward European co-operation.

▶▶*Chang Calls the Turn*

STILL ANOTHER Chinese government is apparently at an end. Just a few weeks ago, the northern alliance, led by Yen Hsi-shan, former partner of the Nationalists, and by Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian General, established a government at Peking, city which Chinese war lords have so often fought to control. When Peking, the big prize, proved elusive, these chieftains have sometimes set up "national governments" of their own elsewhere. Sun Yat-sen, late Nationalist leader, did so at Canton in 1922. As the Nationalists pushed north in 1926-27, they moved their "capital" from Canton to Hankow and then to Nanking. There it remained, even when Peking fell before them in 1928. Peking, therefore, lost its old prestige as the center of whatever national government existed, and the war lords began fighting to get at Nanking. None of them succeeded, though the northern alliance has given the Nanking government uneasy moments.

The gesture of creating a government at Peking was made chiefly for the purpose of bargaining. With even the mere form of a government, the Northerners reasoned, they would be in a better position to haggle with Chiang Kai-shek and the Nanking government of which he is President. Apparently the bargaining stage is not far off. When "Young Chang" (Chang Hsueh-liang of Manchuria) began moving troops to Peking and otherwise taking an active interest in the struggle between Nanking and the northern alliance, he came into the foreground as virtual dictator of the outcome. Until a few weeks ago, Chang kept carefully out of the fighting, though he was credited with men and money enough to insure victory for whichever side he favored. So far as can be discovered at this time and distance, Chang favors the Nationalists at Nanking, and is moving into Peking in their interest and his own, as well as in the interest of peace. Hence the government recently established at Peking no longer has any claim to reality.

Present prospects are that Chang will arrange an alliance with Nanking on his own terms, that the northern war lords will retire and that China will again be united in name if not in theory. With winter coming to chill the fighting blood of commanders and soldiers alike, there may be no more major engagements in China until spring.

▶▶*Remarkable Remarks*

Unlike most other markets, the stock market is free and open. —RICHARD WHITNEY.

I think I should, and believe I do feel a certain sense of gratitude to France. — WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Mr. Hearst is a disciple of free speech and his organs have always stood for what is best for the United States and for the rest of the world. —MAYOR JAMES M. CURLEY.

Pictures by Rubens in the Louvre showing fat ladies in a royal procession are worth less than fifty-five cents.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

It has been the experience of our country that all progress in the solution of our problems, be they tariff or any other great issue, have been achieved through compromise. —REPRESENTATIVE BERTRAND H. SNELL.

There are times when it is difficult to keep a clear and intelligent mind on the constructive side of the city government. — MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

A new type of man has appeared on the American continent, who works for work's sake, just like an artist for art's sake. He does not know when to stop, and in fact, never stops at all. — PROFESSOR CORRADO GINI.

Hoover is a very fine man . . . like me he is probably more sinned against than sinning.—RUDY VALLEE.

You will find in real life that no men cut a wider swath among the women than do the fat men. —DOROTHY DIX.

▶▶*In Brief*

AND NOW Bishop Cannon faces still another set of charges. To judge by what happened to him in the Senate lobby committee and in the last general conference of his church, Bishop Cannon is in danger of being smothered with whitewash. . . . Well, we see where Colonel William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, former Assistant Attorney General, advocates the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Colonel Donovan will be remembered as that great repeal advocate who fought for the election of a bone-dry President in 1928. . . . Senator Brookhart of Iowa suggests that the West and South unite for political action. It is an interesting idea and we suggest that Senator Brookhart be given the job of uniting them. . . . Now that the Soviet Government has been found responsible for the fall in wheat prices, nothing remains but to prove it guilty of knocking the bottom out of the stock market. . . . Representative Britten, big gun and armament man from Illinois, predicts a "big explosion" in Europe, which is about as good a reason as any for assuming that European nations will very likely keep the peace. . . . Neither Gover-

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nor Roosevelt nor Mr. Tuttle, says the New York Anti-Saloon League, "apparently recognizes that it is intoxicating liquor, and not merely the private profit made in a saloon, that is the damaging agent of the liquor traffic." Which, at any rate, carries us pleasantly far away from the decaying old falsehood that the dry laws were intended to prohibit the traffic in liquor and not its use.

Backstage in Washington

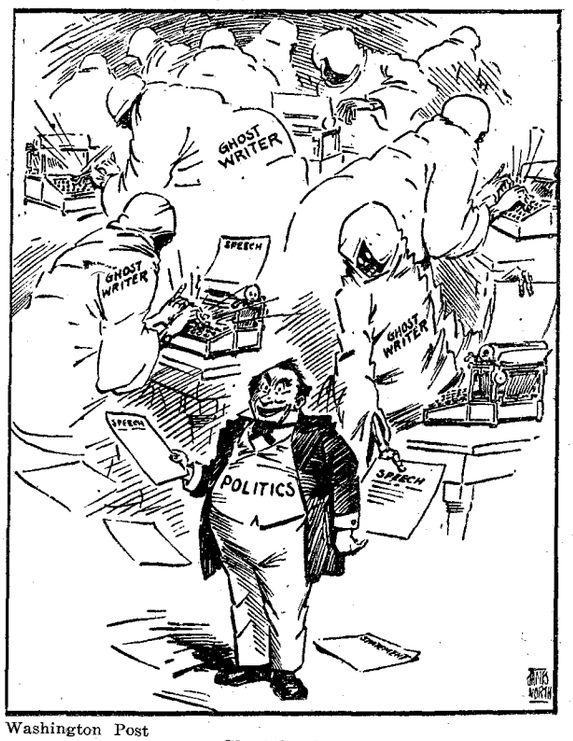
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that the first break in the solidarity—such as it is—of the White House secretariat may soon occur. We are told that the genial and gorgeous George Akerson, who enjoys the title of Secretary to the President, but naught else that accrues to so high-sounding an honor, has been negotiating with a large Pennsylvania corporation for one of those fine-fat jobs that usually fall to the reward of Mr. Hoover's ex-secretaries. George, we note, has been week-ending with Secretary Mellon of late, and he recently visited Pittsburgh to be scrutinized by one of the Mellon executives. It may be they think he would bring sweetness and swank to that smoky center of the steel industry.

There have been other hints that George may quit part-time politics for a full-time occupation. Some time ago a writer for a popular magazine stated that George was extending special privileges to motion picture camera men encamped at the White House, and ventured the suggestion that he was wangling for a position with a large movie concern. We happen to know, however, that the material for this extremely hostile article on the trials and troubles of White House photographers was supplied by a "still" camera man on duty outside the Secretary's sanctum. The rivalry between newspaper and motion picture boys has become quite bitter since Mr. Hoover took office, and Mr. Akerson is accused by the "stills" of having discriminated in favor of the "movies." So the former, taking the visiting magazine writer into camp, filled him up with unfriendly ideas anent George's motives.

We do not credit the suggestion at all, since it is Mr. Hoover himself who chooses to be publicized by more animated pictures. Though he does not share Calvin Coolidge's enthusiasm for seeing himself on the screen, he will drop everything to talk, walk and sign stage documents for the "crank photographers."

The truth of the matter, according to our informants, is that neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Akerson is satisfied with the terms of their relationship. Mr. Akerson is a secretary in name only; he does not share the President's confidence as did "Joe" Tumulty under Wilson, or even as the stodgy Everett Sanders did under Mr. Coolidge. He has been reduced to the slavish state of a publicity man, and, in addition, he has been deprived of proper tools even for that service. Again and again, notably in connection with the appointment of Chief Justice Hughes, the White House snub of Hiram Johnson and the recent renaming of Edgar Brossard to the Tariff Commission, he has misled the correspondents most wretchedly. We find few who hold Mr. Akerson blamable or responsible for his woeful failure to discharge the duties assigned to him, since it is the result of Mr. Hoover's growing desire to keep the press and public at arms' length. We simply report that press and politicians are commenting satirically on the strange isolation of a man who stands on the presidential threshold, and it is no more than human nature for Mr. Akerson to grow restless.



Washington Post

Ghost Stories

Mr. Hoover, we know, likes George tremendously, yet we hear he feels he needs a less impetuous individual at his outer gate. For some time politicians who pride themselves on their importance have criticized Mr. Akerson's secretarial abilities. In most instances of this sort, we believe, George has not been at fault, even though he insists on making promises and appointments he cannot keep per schedule. His boyish exuberance, even though tempered by five years of service to a Superman, has hurt him. We learn that some of the President's intimates have taken slight because they deemed his back-slapping cordiality to be an attempt to patronize them, while even more hard-boiled politicians have felt a Secretary to a President should be less demonstrative. George would not be George, however, without his airy manner, his Nordic bluster and his outstretched arm—or arms. In fact, it was these very qualities which commended him to Mr. Hoover in those friendless days when the latter was begging a nomination at the hands of politicians who considered him too cold and Olympian to walk in the footsteps of such warm-hearted gentlemen as Messrs. Coolidge, Taft and Roosevelt. George's supply of apple-sauce was then a sorely needed commodity in Mr. Hoover's political cupboard, as we have remarked before, but now its content of red-blooded calories does not suit the presidential dieticians.

We would not presume to suggest a successor to Mr. Akerson if and when he should resign, but we hear that George Barr Baker of New York and California may get the place. He has been sleeping at the White House for several weeks, and, despite a long period of coolness between himself and "the Chief," they appear to be on good terms once more. The New York man, we understand, is far more clever, polished and sophisticated than Mr. Akerson, and would undoubtedly fit in better with the present scheme of things.

A. F. C.

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Forget the Emblem; Vote Wet

"To THE simon-pure dry," said the Outlook some months ago, "prohibition is the predominant, overshadowing political issue. To the sincere wet, it must become the predominant, overshadowing political issue also."

That was our opinion in June. It is still our opinion now that the nation is preparing to elect one-third of the United States Senate, all of the House of Representatives and any number of state and local officeholders. At that time we urged anti-prohibitionists to face the prohibition issue squarely and to support wet candidates without thought of party affiliations. We mean to take our own advice.

Obviously, the wet cause made sharp advances in the recent primaries. The real test, however, will come on election day. It is easy enough for the wet voter in a primary to support a wet candidate of his own party. It is not so easy for the wet voter in an election to support a wet candidate of the opposing party.

But if it is not easy, it is often vitally necessary. Other issues—the tariff, business depression, farm relief—arise this year to distract the mind of the voter. There always have been these distracting issues. There always will be. The wet voter who waits until next time to vote wet will find that next time never comes.

THE drys, says F. Scott McBride, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, "cannot afford to depreciate the fact that already the presidential election of 1932 is on, and the results of the election in 1930 will go a long way toward determining the outcome of the next presidential campaign." Mr. McBride is right. The drys cannot afford to belittle this fact. Neither can the wets. "It is a poor year for a wabbler," says Mr. McBride. "The issue is more clearly drawn than any time since the coming of prohibition." Mr. McBride is right again. So then—

It will not be necessary for the Outlook to list those wet candidates for the House of Representatives whom it supports, nor those dry candidates whom it opposes. It has one rule with which to judge such candidates, a rule which it commends to its readers. We support any honest, competent wet candidate for Congress—regardless of party—unless his opponent is as wet as he is, in which case the election may properly turn on other questions than prohibition.

THERE are, however, certain states holding contests for senator and for governor in which the country is particularly interested. We purpose to list these states, the candidates whom we support and urge our readers in these states to support, and the candidates whom we oppose and urge our readers in these states to oppose. First for the contests for senator.

In Ohio, the Outlook supports Robert J. Bulkley, Democrat, who advocates the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It opposes Roscoe McCulloch, dry Republican.

In Massachusetts, it supports Marcus A. Coolidge, Democrat, who, while he apparently hides in the half-way house of "modification," is far more satisfactory than the bone-dry Republican candidate, William M. Butler.

In New Jersey, it supports Dwight W. Morrow, Republican. While Mr. Morrow is no wetter than his Democratic opponent, Alexander Simpson, he is not only a candidate for senator but a potential candidate for President. Hence, entirely aside from Mr. Morrow's superior ability, his election would give the wet movement greater impetus than the election of Mr. Simpson.

In Delaware, the Outlook supports Thomas F. Bayard, Democrat, who himself demands, and is running on a state platform demanding, the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return of liquor control to the states. It opposes Daniel O. Hastings, dry Republican.

In New Hampshire, it supports Albert W. Noone, outspoken wet Democrat. It opposes Henry W. Keyes, Republican and dry. We do not expect Mr. Noone to carry New Hampshire. We do believe it would be valuable to the anti-prohibition movement for him to roll up a heavy vote.

In Illinois, the Outlook supports James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat. It opposes Ruth Hanna McCormick, straddling Republican, and Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill, dust-dry Republican.

In Montana, it supports Albert J. Galen, Republican. Despite its respect for his ability, it opposes Thomas J. Walsh, dry Democrat.

In Pennsylvania, it supports Sedgwick Kistler, Democrat. It opposes the dry Republican James J. Davis.

SO MUCH for the candidates for senator. Mention should also be made of a few of the contests for governor.

In Connecticut, the Outlook supports Wilbur L. Cross, Democrat, who demands, as his party's state platform demands, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It opposes Ernest E. Rogers, Republican, who, though he is running on a state platform declaring that prohibition "is properly the function of the several states," is himself a dry.

In Massachusetts, it supports Joseph B. Ely, Democrat. It opposes the dry Republican Frank G. Allen.

In New York, it supports Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democrat, whoever may be his Republican opponent—he had not been named at the time of this writing—since Mr. Roosevelt, like Mr. Morrow, is not only a candidate for the office he now seeks, but a potential candidate for President as well.

In Maryland, for precisely the same reason, it supports the Democratic candidate for governor, Albert C. Ritchie. It opposes the straddling Republican William F. Broening.

It will be noted that most of the candidates who receive our support are Democrats. For that the Democrats in these states have themselves to thank, while the Republicans have themselves to blame for allowing their opponents to take the anti-prohibition issue away from them. We are playing no party favorites.

This, of course, will be criticized as an extreme position. The answer is that it is impossible to assume any other position if we wish to get rid of prohibition. Drys are drys first and party men next. Wets too must be wets first and party men next. There is no other way out of the woods.

The Editors

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▶▶ Detroit Apes Chicago ◀◀

By FREDERIC L. SMITH

FOR a considerable period, Chicago enjoyed the distinction of being the nation's horrible example of municipal mal-administration, but towards the beginning of 1930, a rival entered the field. It became apparent soon after Mayor Charles Bowles had taken office in January that something was wrong with Detroit, and within several months, the weird political phenomena transpiring in the fourth largest city began to attract public notice from coast to coast.

But now Detroit has ousted Mayor Bowles from office and elected another chief executive in his stead, and the tale of what has happened during the past eight months affords as grotesque a history of governmental bungling and assorted political chicanery as any in recent years.

Last November, Charles Bowles was elected mayor of Detroit by the scant margin of 7,950 votes; it was the biggest political upset in the city's history, for never before had Mr. Bowles evinced those qualities which make for a winning mayoralty candidate. He had been unsuccessful too often. In 1924, he ran as a "sticker" candidate, the choice of the Ku Klux Klan. Defeated in the primaries, his adherents voted for him by attaching gummed labels bearing his name to their ballots as permitted by law. Mr. Bowles was again rejected by the electorate in 1925, but was later elected a judge of the municipal court in which capacity he served faithfully but without distinction until 1929, when he resigned from the bench to embark on his third mayoralty venture.

A prominent Detroit jurist recently styled Mr. Bowles a "Main Street Man," which, while approximately correct, is hardly fair to Main Street. Mr. Bowles is large and impressive. He neither smokes nor drinks and in private life appears to be an altogether exemplary citizen; as noted before, he never was a conspicuous figure in the legal profession, and beyond earning an honest living, his achievements in this particular field brought him no distinction whatever.

The fact, however, that Mr. Bowles was a very ordinary citizen indeed seemed to carry a powerful appeal to the voters of Detroit, notably the less-enlightened church-goers whose favor he sought in particular. He is neither a brilliant nor convincing speaker, yet when he appeared before a large congregation, he made a profound impression. Such audiences saw him as one of themselves, a pious and worthy man running for office solely on his merits with no dark political affiliations. He promised a sane and conservative administrative program, and to outward appearances seemed, for the first time in his career, to exhibit some real symptoms of leadership.

WHEN Mr. Bowles was inaugurated in January, it was with more public confidence and stronger press support than most mayors of Detroit have been accorded; but hardly had he taken office before a number of curious developments followed in rapid succession. To begin with, the employment manager of the department of public works, a Bowles appointee, blandly announced that only those willing to be a part of the "organization" would be considered for jobs; and presently his correspondence became so embarrassingly tinged with references to machine politics that he was quietly removed. Detroit began to prick up its ears.

The mayor of the nation's fourth largest city is an exceedingly powerful official, since it is his prerogative arbitrarily to dismiss or appoint the heads of the various major municipal departments. Mr. Bowles had not been in office long before the official ax descended suddenly on the necks of a number of outstanding police officers, among them the superintendent of the department, the chief of detectives, and Inspector Charles Carmody who, as head of the identification bureau, had built up one of the finest organizations of its kind in the world. These men were dismissed, not for inefficiency or old age, but because they were politically unacceptable; this was stated in so many words.

Detroit received a still more definite intimation in March of what manner of mayor it had elected, when Mr. Bowles appointed John Gillespie as commissioner of public works. Gillespie's reputation as a politician and lobbyist was none too savory; as police commissioner fifteen years before, he had allowed criminal activities to reach such proportions that he was forced to resign in order to save the administration under which he served from political annihilation. Mayor Bowles had openly announced that Mr. Gillespie would have no place in his cabinet, and the latter's elevation to the control of what is perhaps Detroit's most important political unit furnished grounds for some very dark speculation indeed.

Curiously enough, Mr. Gillespie's private business interests coincided closely with the position to which Mayor Bowles had appointed him. Gillespie represented, for example, a certain bonding company which accommodated the majority of contractors engaged in construction work for the department of public works of which he was the head. Mr. Gillespie was likewise financially interested in the Detroit Reduction Company which held a $400,000 contract from the city for the disposal of garbage and waste.

In this latter connection, Mayor Bowles had proposed, in his inaugural address, a municipal incinerating plant which obviously was not to Mr. Gillespie's advantage, since it would deprive his own company of $400,000 annual revenue. When this project was under consideration by the common council, Mr. Gillespie, than whom none is a more gifted lobbyist, browbeat the city fathers into rejecting it. Mayor Bowles, who had sponsored the scheme, was strangely silent.

BY THIS time, it was evident that a powerful political machine of which Mr. Gillespie was the guiding genius, was functioning in Detroit. As commissioner of police, Mayor Bowles had selected Harold H. Emmons, a prominent attorney, who accepted the position with the distinct understanding that he was to have a free hand in the management of the department. Very shortly Mr. Emmons discovered that he was police commissioner in name only and that his subordinates were actually being supervised from another quarter. When the commissioner was absent from the city, it was reported that the police executives took their orders directly from Mr. Gillespie who was supposedly confining his talents to the department of public works.

Gambling establishments began to flourish in the downtown area, and one particularly gaudy rendezvous was plainly visible from the mayor's office. The police commissioner returned from a western trip to find the town wide

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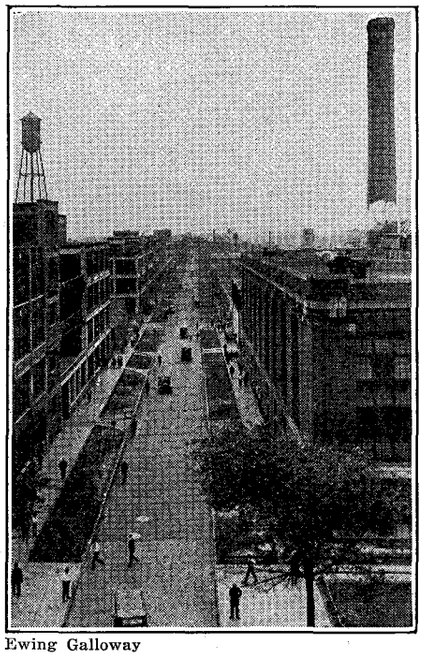
open and his department completely demoralized. He was somewhat amazed when Mayor Bowles introduced him to one James D. Witte. Mr. Witte, it developed, was in the slot machine business and had been banished from the city during a former administration. Now slot machines are illegal in Detroit, and just why the mayor should have effected a meeting between his police commissioner and a slot machine magnate puzzled even the less thoughtful observers sorely.

Despite the protests of the police commissioner and his subordinates, Mayor Bowles insisted on the organization of a centralized "vice squad" to handle crimes involving liquor, gambling and the like. Heretofore, the captains of the fifteen police precincts had exercised this function, and the centralized "vice squad" scheme, which had been tried on several previous occasions, had proved an utter failure. Experience had shown that with such a plan in effect, the curve of criminal activities mounted upward, but the mayor could not be swayed from his position. For some reason, he was determined to repeat an unsuccessful experiment.

The climax came in May when Mayor Bowles and Mr. Gillespie were attending the Derby. Gambling in Detroit had assumed the proportions of a public scandal, and realizing the inability of a centralized "vice squad" to cope with it, Police Commissioner Emmons took matters into his own hands. A series of raids were staged under his direction, four hundred persons were arrested, and for the first time in months some semblance of law and order prevailed. However, when Messrs. Bowles and Gillespie returned from the races and learned what had happened, they were not pleased. Apparently, in raiding the gambling houses without first consulting the mayor and the commissioner of public works, Mr. Emmons had sinned grievously, and several days later he was abruptly dismissed from office.

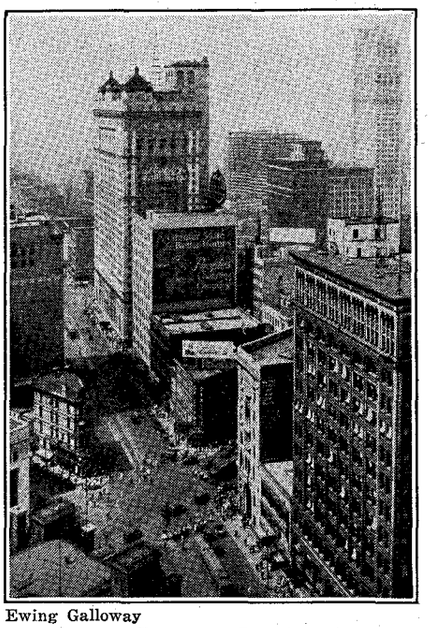


Ewing Galloway

Packard Motor plant

As a successor to Mr. Emmons, Mayor Bowles appointed Thomas C. Wilcox, a department of justice operative in Detroit. Mr. Wilcox had previously applied for and been refused the police commissionership of Pontiac, a neighboring municipality of 100,000, but that seemed no reason to Mayor Bowles why Wilcox should not try his hand at policing a city of a million and a half.

From the beginning, Police Commissioner Wilcox proved a dismal failure. One of his first official acts was to disclose certain arrangements whereby eleven notorious criminals, wanted in connection with kidnapping outrages, were to be apprehended. These plans had been carefully laid, and but for Mr. Wilcox's naïve revelations would have been successful. As it developed, the criminals merely read the details of their proposed capture on the front pages of the newspapers and fled to parts unknown.



Ewing Galloway

Downtown Detroit

Several other circumstances arose which clearly demonstrated the manner in which Detroit was being governed by the Bowles administration. A five million dollar insurance contract for the Detroit Street Railway system was awarded, not to the lowest bidder, but to another concern at a higher premium rate. One of the street railway commissioners, Frank Couzens, the son of the senator from Michigan, protested such action on the ground that it was a waste of public funds; on the following day, Mayor Bowles dismissed him from office with no adequate explanation. The chief trial lawyer of the railway system was also officially beheaded because he dared to protest against a damage settlement made out of court when the city stood an excellent chance of winning the case.

By this time, the dismissal of Police Commissioner Emmons, the utter incompetency of his successor, and the tactics of the Bowles organization in general had aroused bitter public resentment. A committee of representative citizens began the circulation of petitions for the recall of Mayor Bowles as provided by law. They worked quietly, with comparatively little notice from the press, and on June 24, the recall petitions with 130,000 signatures attached were duly filed.

The Bowles machine immediately countered with suits and injunctions; the police harried signers of the petitions in an effort to discover fraudulent signatures, and the mayor, in a frantic attempt to prevent recall proceedings, twice appealed to the Michigan supreme court. His pleas were rejected however, and a recall election was officially proclaimed for July 22.

Criminal activities in Detroit had become intolerable; the news that the fourth largest city was wide open was generally broadcast, and the underworld flocked in. Towards the middle of July, ten gang murders occurred within eleven days, but they did not appear to cause either Mayor Bowles or Police Commissioner Wilcox any particular concern. When asked for an opinion on the murderous state of affairs in his domain, Mr. Bowles blithely remarked: "Perhaps it is just as well to let these kill each other off, if they are so minded. You know the scientists employ one set of parasites to destroy another. May not that be the plan of providence in these killings among the bandits? If we succeed in keeping the decent members of the community safe from robbery and

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murder we will have gone pretty far." Said Mr. Wilcox: "So long as they confine their shootings to their own kind, there will be no police drive or any increase in the squad assigned to such cases. Of course, the police will protect the men likely to be killed and will try to apprehend their assassins." These simple and statesmanlike views might have met with more popular acclaim had not a number of peaceful citizens been mowed down during gang warfare in the streets.

IN THE campaign prior to the recall election, Mr. Gillespie, the commissioner of public works, became the guardian angel of Mayor Bowles' political destinies. He established his headquarters in an elaborate hotel suite and spent lavishly from his own pocket in behalf of his chieftain. In defense of his conduct, Mr. Bowles had very little to say and assumed the attitude of a conscientious and well-meaning executive crucified by malicious newspapers and "selfish and greedy interests." The majority of the politicians who had supported him in the November election now bitterly opposed him, and the leading citizens of Detroit, almost to a man, were united in the effort to effect his downfall. As a result, Mayor Bowles was recalled from office in the election of July 22, by a majority of 31,000, and shortly afterwards, Mr. Gillespie, the helmsman of the Bowles ship of state, resigned as commissioner of public works and announced that he was through with politics forever.

Among the notable figures in the recall campaign was Gerald E. Buckley, the radio announcer for station WMBC. Mr. Buckley had relentlessly attacked the Bowles régime and discussed underworld activities in no uncertain terms. On the night of the election, as he sat in the lobby of the La Salle Hotel reading the returns, three gunmen approached and without warning, shot him dead in his chair.

The manner in which the Buckley murder was handled by the Detroit police department brought more discredit to the Bowles administration, perhaps, than any other single factor. Reports of major crimes are immediately broadcast from the police radio station to the various precincts and patrols, but the announcement of the Buckley murder was not put on the air until two hours after the crime had been committed and the assassins had had ample opportunity to escape. For a month, no police circulars were sent to other cities as is customary in such cases. Commissioner Wilcox issued a statement to the press in which he styled Buckley a racketeer who had simply met a racketeer's fate. As it happened, Gerald Buckley was highly esteemed in Detroit, a reputable citizen known to thousands of radio listeners and one who had rendered valuable public service by procuring jobs for the unemployed. Following his death, a crowd of one hundred thousand persons visited his grave. But these circumstances the police commissioner disregarded completely. He secured an affidavit from an illiterate bootlegger purporting to show that Buckley had been connected with a liquor extortion plot; this affidavit was later repudiated by the man who had made it, and Commissioner Wilcox found himself thwarted in his attempt to prove the murdered man a common crook. Why Mr. Wilcox seemed more anxious to destroy Gerald Buckley's reputation than to apprehend his murderers is a mystery which Detroit still ponders. There is no reason to believe that the Bowles administration was in any way responsible for Buckley's murder, but its attitude in the handling of the case gave rise to some very ugly rumors.

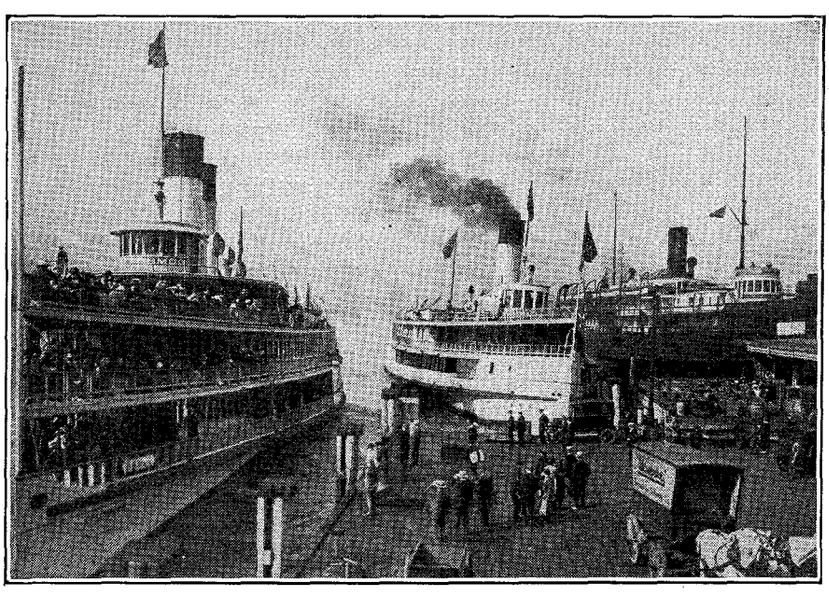
The morale of the police department was by this time completely shattered. It had shown itself utterly unable, or unwilling, to undertake the solution of the Buckley case. Governor Green arrived in Detroit, and, re-enforced by the state constabulary, the local police was able to pull itself together and at least go through the motions of running down Gerald Buckley's slayers. A grand jury investigation of conditions in Detroit was instituted by the attorney general, and at this writing it is still in progress.

THE question of who was to succeed Mayor Bowles now presented itself, and the recall committee began to cast about for a suitable candidate. Detroit's recall law is a fantastic statute, for the mayor, even though ousted by a popular vote, automatically becomes a candidate to succeed himself and no provision is made for a primary election. It was therefore apparent that in order to defeat Mayor Bowles, who showed no inclination to retire, it would be necessary to select a strong candidate whom the electorate would support.

The best man available appeared to be George Engel who had, at various times, served as city controller, civil service commissioner, and commissioner of public works. Mr. Engel had never run for elective office, he had no political obligations, and he had been a distinguished figure in the municipal government for nearly twenty years.

In spite of the recall committee's appeal to prospective mayoralty candidates and their adherents to leave Mr. Engel in an undivided field against Mayor Bowles, the names of six other aspirants were filed. Three of these, recognizing the necessity of concentrating upon one candidate in order to insure Mr. Bowles' defeat, promptly withdrew, and John W. Smith, a former mayor of Detroit agreed to follow suit

(Please Turn to Page 198)



Ewing Galloway

Lake steamers on Detroit's waterfront

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▶▶ Pipe Lines and Progress ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE past decade has witnessed great strides in the development of new modes of transportation. Commercial aviation has had practically its whole growth in this period, and the motor bus and the motor truck have become formidable rivals of the railroads. There is another mode of transportation which is not so new or so conspicuous as these, but which in the last six or seven years has had an amazing expansion. While new air routes are being established and thousands of miles of hard-surfaced roads are building for the respective use of the multiplying airplanes and motor vehicles, new transportation routes are also being constructed underground which are playing an increasingly important part in the nation's industrial life.

These are the pipe lines, hardly visible but functioning every hour of the day and steadily extending in a network over the entire country. There are now approximately 165,000 miles of pipe line in the United States, and the system is being expanded at the rate of 9,000 or 10,000 miles a year. The lines furnish an economical and highly developed transportation system for petroleum and natural gas, and in a more limited degree for petroleum products. A little more than 60 per cent of the mileage is used for the transportation of petroleum and gasoline and the remainder for natural gas.

THE oil industry has undergone a huge expansion in this country since 1920, and its pipe-line service has kept pace with this growth. From each of the big oil pools in the Southwest the lines radiate like spokes in a wheel, some northward and eastward to the refineries, and others southward and southeastward to the tidewater terminals on the Gulf. The first company to be formed for pipe-line transmission in the Standard Oil system back in the days when Pennsylvania was the seat of the oil industry is still operating, with over 4,000 miles of line under its control. It originally carried oil to the seaboard from Western Pennsylvania. It now reverses the movement, receiving oil at the seaboard brought up from the Gulf States in tankers and transporting it westward.

The development of pipe lines for oil, however, has been slow, when it is compared with the recent increase in the facilities for the conveyance of natural gas. The annual consumption of natural gas in the United States has to be stated in astronomical figures. In 1929 it amounted to 1,568,000 million cubic feet, and it has more than doubled in the last eight years.

Natural gas has been used in communities near the sources of supply for more than a century, but for a long time it was regarded as a resource of too small importance to justify much outlay for its development. Capitalists refrained from investing extensively in this business because they feared that the supply in any given area would be exhausted before they could get their money back. Scientific research has effected a complete change in their attitude. The supply is now declared by competent geologists to be sufficient at the present rate of consumption for many decades to come. If the recent rate of increase continues, one wonders whether their estimates will not have to be modified on the side of conservatism.

The development of the natural gas resources of the country has also been furthered by improvements in the pipe-line facilities and by the discovery of new ways for the profitable use of the gas. The manufacture of seamless pipe capable of standing high pressure has made it possible to construct lines with a diameter twice that of the older lines. Doubling the diameter of a pipe of course multiplies its carrying capacity by four, and this makes it profitable to deliver the gas in distant markets. The capacity of the lines has been further increased by the building of compression stations along the routes.

These improvements account for the remarkable spread of pipe lines from the gas fields into populous communities in recent years, as well as the development of the gas business into an industry representing an investment of two billion dollars. Within the last year or two natural gas has been brought to St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Denver, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Smaller towns in between are being connected by the score with the transmission systems, especially in the Middle West and the Southwest. A pipe line is scheduled to reach Washington by the end of this year, and in due course all the important cities on the Atlantic seaboard will be supplied with natural gas. Work is also being pushed on a line from Texas to Chicago and on another from Louisiana into Florida.

THE consumption of natural gas is now three times as great as that of the artificial product. It is produced in substantial quantities in sixteen states, but about two-thirds of the output is obtained from the four states of Oklahoma, Texas, California and Louisiana, which are named here in the present order of their importance as producers. The gas subjected to long-distance transportation is still only a small fraction of the total production. About 80 per cent of the output goes into industrial use, and of this about a half is employed for field use, that is, for drilling and pumping. In Texas much natural gas is used for the refining of oil and the generation of electric power. In Louisiana its main use so far has been in the production of carbon black.

The extension of pipe lines is increasing the variety of uses for which this fuel may be employed and also bringing more consumers, who now number about five million. Consumption has been increasing of late more rapidly than the number of consumers, an indication of the use of gas by many large-scale industries.

The effects of this sudden injection of new life into an old-established industry are still largely of the future, but already they are important and far-reaching. Gas is competing with both coal and oil, and the pipe lines which convey it are getting business which in another form would have gone to the coal-hauling railroads. The advent of natural gas in the cities is changing methods of manufacturing to some extent, and it has injected a new element into the public utility situation. These developments are of great importance to the investor. Some of the pipe-line companies offer opportunities for the profitable employment of funds. The same is true of the utility companies which have gained a footing in the natural gas fields, and it goes without saying that those who have invested in industries which may meet the competition resulting from this new trend should look carefully into the altered status which their securities may have under the changed conditions.

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▶▶ The Stream of Business ◀◀

By FRANK A. FALL

▶▶*A World Credit Plan*

IT'S HARD to beat the Dutch, and unless the plan they have announced to help stabilize world credit conditions has some catch in it, which is most unlikely, no right-minded person will wish to see them beaten in their latest enterprise.

With an initial capital of 10,000,000 guilders (about $4,000,000) and offices in Amsterdam, a company is being organized to loan on mortgages through leading mortgage banks in countries where rates for mortgage money are relatively high. The company plans to issue its own securities in whatever markets offer the highest return.

An American group, to be headed by Lazard Frères of New York, will be formed to share in the undertaking. It is generally understood that the Bank for International Settlements is not directly interested in the new organization, although the aims of the two enterprises are similar in certain respects.

The organization will be made as elastic as possible, in order to get the maximum benefit from varying credit conditions in all parts of the world. It will operate extensively in France and particularly in Germany, where long-term credit facilities are far from equal to the demand. Here's hoping that the plan works. It may help to get us out of our present troubles, which arose from international, fully as much as from national, maladjustments.

▶▶*Do Business Men Read?*

THE serious expression on the face of a New Yorker, whose name is known around the world, caused us to remark, "You look as though you were thinking about your most serious problem." "I am," he replied. "I just can't get the executives in this bank to read anything. The young fellows have their A. I. B. courses, but the minute a man gets his name on a desk he seems to stop reading forever."

The Book Publishers' Research Institute, after questionnairing 43 prominent Americans, revealed the fact that there are at least a few business men who do serious, and more or less systematic, reading. *All Quiet on the Western Front,* to be sure, appeared in a number of the returned lists, but so also did books on economics, biography, history, finance and even philosophy.

"The Stream of Business" has been running for a little over half a year. It was set up to give business men, and others, a running account of interesting developments in modern production and distribution, without bias and without long, dry, statistical discussions of technical subjects.

Comments from readers have been numerous and enlightening. Criticisms have been discriminating and, on the whole, friendly. We have discovered one important fact. Business men do read. We know that they read carefully, because they check us up. And they don't want us to be too solemn. That being the case, we will go on.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) September 18—83.6. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) September 18—74.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended September 6 (holiday week)— 856,637 cars (reduction of 127,867 under preceding week and of 161,844 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended September 13—58% of capacity (increase of 2% over preceding week—a holiday week; reduction of 26% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended September 13—daily average gross 2,419,750 barrels (reduction of 17,300 under preceding week and of 528,350 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended September 13—2,570,000 bushels (reduction of 1,302,000 under preceding week and of 2,578,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended September 18—$9,872,970,000 (increase of 13.4% over preceding week; reduction of 32.2% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended September 18—497 (increase of 34 over preceding week and of 137 over the same week of 1929).

▶▶*Vagaries—Series 8*

PENDING the receipt of a reply to our appeal to the Carnegie Foundation for a grant toward the endowment of the Vagaries Prize Fund, we keep the ball in motion by reporting:

1. That theft of a Waco biplane, with a wing spread of 32 feet and body painted a brilliant red, from Roosevelt Field, Long Island.

2. That beauty doctor who specializes in cosmetics for the toes, heels and ankles of ladies who dress for the beach but seldom go near the water.

3. That stockholder in a textile company who complained to the president of the organization that what was needed to bring better business was "not cheese-paring but well regulated extravagance."

4. That weather controller, Dr. Alphabetical Sykes, who makes rain or scares it away, as the case may be, at a price per day, suffering a stipulated penalty if he fails to make the weather behave.

5. That German inventor who, after years of experimentation, has succeeded in producing a phonograph record which will bend but not break. It is not affected by heat, and improves with use.

6. That largest shovel in the world, made by the General Electric Company. Operated by electricity, and used in the coal-stripping fields, it scoops up 15 to 20 cubic yards of material, raises it 85 feet, and returns for another load in less than 60 seconds.

7. That New Jersey automobile dealer who got the goat of one of his customers. The buyer lacked $25 of the purchase price and offered his goat to make up the balance. The dealer accepted the offer, delivered the automobile and tethered the goat with his used cars, where it was good for at least $25 worth of advertising.

▶▶*First Aid to the Secretary*

DR. C. O. S. MAWSON, to whom professional writers are indebted for the indispensable Roget compendiums, has come to the relief of hot and bothered secretaries with a new edition of his *Secretary's Guide to Correct Usage* (T. Y. Crowell $2).

As would be expected from a disciple of the orderly Roget, Dr. Mawson has neatly packaged his material in categories, with sub-heads so admirably arranged that the secretary can easily and quickly run down the particular information she needs.

Chapters are devoted to style; spelling; compounding of words; division of words; capitalization; punctuation; abbreviations; figures and numerals; sizes and styles of type; use of italics; spacing; indentation; preparation of manuscript; proof-reading; business and formal correspondence and purity of diction.

At the end of the volume the author provides a useful glossary of typographical terms and a brief index. A book which costs $2 and may easily save the making of $200 worth of mistakes is obviously a bargain.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Six Novels

SIX novels greeted this reviewer on her return from a long holiday. Perhaps because she had read no novel on that holiday all these were easy to read. They are of uneven merit, but one is that rare thing, a new book which goes at once onto the shelf with the old and cherished ones.

Long Bondage by Donald Joseph (Stokes $2.50) is the story of a woman's life seen from the woman's own angle. It takes a more gifted man than Mr. Joseph is to do such a thing successfully. The novel is, in fact, an illuminating revelation of what this particular author conceives to be a woman's point of view. There is plenty of feminine emotionalism in the book, to be sure, and also plenty of masculine sentimentality. This woman whose bondage is long was born in the South soon after the Civil War. She is a thorough-going romantic. As a child she makes speeches to an imaginary audience. As an ageing woman she makes speeches to her soul. Married young by an adored father to an adored neighbor, she has two sons, the first, all her boy, the second, all his father's. She is soon disappointed in her husband, and a painful revelation destroys her faith in her father. Her beloved elder son dies, and cruelly coincident with his death comes another painful revelation, this time concerning her husband. She finds herself to have been betrayed by three generations of men, although exactly why she should have absolved herself for all responsibility in the matter of her husband and her younger son, the reader may not know. A series of sharp accidents free her from her long bondage and permit her to begin life anew with a hero of her youth. All this is rather trite stuff, and is not made less so, or more convincing, by the woodeny characters which play out the plot. But the novel has a simple charm of style which dignifies its melodrama, and it is sincere.

A sharp contrast to the sentimentality of *Long Bondage* is the sensuality of *Every Mother's Son* by Norman Lindsay (Cosmopolitan $2). This novel, which was suppressed in Australia and which certainly demands a strong stomach of its readers, is written by an Australian artist. Richly colored and exuberant, it is limited by the painter's training to a small canvas, a fixed color scheme and a strict arrangement of light and shade. The story is a tedious one of adolescents obsessed by sex curiosity and finding the means to gratify it. The children make a revolting and seldom amusing spectacle of themselves. The adults in the story do no less. Parents and mentors are as grotesque and exaggerated as are the children and all the characters take on the quality of caricature. The plot, which has to do with the career of a young rowdy in an Australian town and with the stealing of a hypocritical elder sister's beau by a frankly lascivious younger sister, is well handled. Vicious, roughly comic, pathetic only in a sniveling way, the older characters are played against the younger ones. The writing is spontaneous, hot, intense; but the book is top-heavy and often teeters dangerously on the line which separates art from pornography.

One of Willy Pogany's illustrations in "Magyar Fairy Tales" by Nandor Pogany (Dutton)

A very different sort of youth appears in *This Pure Young Man* by Irving Fineman (Longmans $2), and gives the lie to the title of *Every Mother's Son.* This story is set against a background of college life and business in America, with the War as a distant incident. It is conscientious in workmanship rather than brilliant. The experiences of the youth whose passion for pure beauty damned him in the eyes of the world arouse the reader's anger and pity, but the young man himself remains a lay figure. Some of the incidents in the story are shocking; one is especially distressed by the description of the secret society initiation ceremony, a discouraging illustration of the puerility of the collegian's mind. But indignation and sympathy are rather over the facts than over the hero's sufferings because of them, and his gentle love-story, his dreams of making beautiful buildings, and his ironic end leave one unmoved. The style of the book is smooth and capable.

David Golder by Irene Nemirovsky (translated by Sylvia Stuart: Liveright $2) is a strong and clever character study of an elderly cosmopolitan Jew, self-made millionaire, promoter of large enterprises, frequenter of the shady world of wealth, vulgarity and social-climbing. The lesser figures in the story are used only to throw emphasis upon and reveal qualities in the central character. Golder is shown to us in the last months of his life when he revolts, after years, against the blood-sucking of his abominable wife and daughter and drags them down with him to ruin. The story is ugly and powerful and is told with economy and accuracy. The unscrupulous old Jew against whose courage disillusion finally triumphs is a figure at once pitiful and

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HAMLIN GARLAND'S
New Book
ROADSIDE MEETINGS
By the Author of
A Son of The Middle Border

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beyond the reach of pity. The final effort whereby, almost on his death-bed, he snatches at his vanishing fortune so that the beloved child, who is not his child, may pursue her graceless way, is a dramatic climax to an absorbing story.

The Mother by Sholom Asch (translated by Nathan Ausubel: Liveright $2.50) is also a story of Jews. This ignorant reviewer had taken it for granted that the eminent Yiddish author was a yearner over the down-trodden. She finds him a poised writer whose sense of humor walks hand in hand with his sense of pity, who knows not the word *futility*, and who writes with gusto and a fine lack of pose. There are two mothers in the story: the mother in fact who must number among her many children her absurd, bombastic and lovable husband; and the mother in essence who repeats in a new land and in a different key the old theme of maternal sacrifice. The novel opens in Poland with Father cantillating the Book of Esther and perfectly happy while Mother wonders which of her magic pots is to provide the next meal. The family soon follows the first-born to America where it breaks its heart and mends it again in a new fashion. The mother works until she dies; the boys find their places in the world of humble enterprise; the daughter, the sweet Dvoyrele, turns from her parents' ways and lives to bear and nourish the inspiration of an artist and to give him to a world in which she has no place. Perhaps of necessity the final scenes where the author leaves the Ghetto and carries his people into the world of Bohemia are somewhat tainted with cheapness. But the book as a whole has great dignity. The distorted English of some parts of this novel is offensive to a reviewer who has great love and respect for the English language.

Now we come to *the* novel of the six. This is *The Edwardians* by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran $2.50), a brilliant and highly entertaining story of the great world in England before the War. The Duke of Chevron, hero of *The Edwardians,* comes of age during the days when Edward the Seventh is king and when the great world lives only to emulate and entertain him. Young Sebastian is sensitive and rebellious. He despises the frivolities, the hypocrisies, the idleness of his class. But he is held fast by his love for "Chevron," his family home, that same passion for and submission to a house and a piece of land which has been one of the greatest sources of England's strength and of her culture. Sebastian plunges from love affair to love affair, according to the code of his class. He is defeated by upper class horror of a scandal which will betray it to "the people," by middle class virtue, by Bohemian disorganization. At the end of the book, when Edward is dead and George the Fifth is king, Sebastian opens his doors to new experience—or thinks he does. The reader knows that the War is coming when, to Sebastian and all his kind, tradition will be of more value than experience. *The Edwardians* is satire, but satire of the most measured and delicate sort. One can laugh over its wit, and clap one's hands over the dazzling reality of its scenes. One can lose one's self in passionate anxiety over the fate of its characters. And one can sigh with delight over the clean beauty of its style. To be sure there are tricks in the book. It is no haphazard product of inspired genius, but the work of a careful and intelligent craftswoman. Not all V. Sackville-West's epigrammatic descriptive phrases are original. And her novel is designed not only to present a perfect picture of a past era, but to please readers to whom the scene of her story is as awesome as it is unfamiliar. But these are permissible tricks. The novel will delight not only the middle-aged who remember pictures in the *Illustrated London News* of royal shooting parties, stuffily rakish, and who still cherish absurd dreams of English society, but also young people, to whom Victoria is a bogey, Edward, a tyro in the art of amusement, and George, a stuffed puppet in a silly masquerade. For *The Edwardians* is written in the great and satisfying tradition of the English comedy of manners. Except for its lack of the definite plot which was an integral part of the greatest woman novelist's work, Jane Austen, had she lived now and known the setting which V. Sackville-West knows and uses, might have written *The Edwardians.* It has the insistent reality of character, event and scene, which belongs to all enduring fiction. It removes the reader from himself and from his surroundings and places him in a world which he has never seen and never can see but which comes to be as it were his own.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Novel: **The Edwardians,** by V. Sackville-West: Doubleday, Doran.
Detective: **Charlie Chan Carries On,** by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs Merrill.
History: **Blenheim,** by George Macaulay Trevelyan: Longmans.
Miscellaneous: **Roadside Meetings,** by Hamlin Garland: Macmillan.

The Week's Reading

WHAT happens to children, inheriting a modern civilization, who are transplanted to an alien savagery and then thrown back into the flux again is the psychological *motif* of Myrtle Johnston's second novel, *Relentless* (D. Appleton & Co., $2.50). Miss Johnston's first novel, *Hanging Johnnie,* written when she was eighteen, dealt with an uncompromising, harsh aspect of life. She has again chosen to write in jagged, bitter temper. Oscar Beranger is a failure in London. He wallows in hopeless neurosis. His one friend, a drug fiend, finally kills a man and stands convicted, sentenced to die. So Oscar, whose father had perished exploring remote Siberian forests, takes his common little wife and the tiny twins who are born to them far from England, familiarity, all that means living, and leads them, the author neglects to tell how, into the wastes of

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. *You'll enjoy this English story.* Reviewed Sept. 10.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Charlie Chan Carries On, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs, Merrill. Reviewed in this issue.

A Note in Music, by Rosamund Lehmann: Holt. A poetic novel of love as a dream in the lives of three women. Reviewed Sept. 10.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. Noteworthy history of America's most distinguished family. Reviewed June 18.

Three Titans, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. Will be reviewed next week.

Green Pastures, by Marc Connolly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the negro's idea of the Old Testament in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 22.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Thirty Years from Now, by Bertrand Russell. Virginia Quarterly Review, October.

Believing that the Labor groups in America must sooner or later organize as a political party of real power, Mr. Russell points out that our immigration population, prosperity, and the importance of agriculture will make its development more difficult in America than it was in England. But it will be necessary once the demand for the democratization of economic power makes itself felt. "The formation of a Third Party is imperative," he concludes, "if anything is to be achieved. I have no doubt that within thirty years such a party will be as powerful, and as little destructive, as the British Labor Party is now."

Rockets to the Moon, by William H. Wenstrom. Review of Reviews, September.

That man may be able to use giant rockets to penetrate beyond the forces of gravitation is no longer a fantastic idea lifted from Jules Verne. Professor Robert H. Goddard has recently received $100,000 from Daniel Guggenheim to carry on experimental work. The inventor of a new fuel, Prof. Goddard is now working on a device, equipped with a parachute, which will bring back to earth photographs and scientific data of incalculable value. This may be "pure science" and impractical from a lay point of view, but applied to aircraft development the rocket principle may enable a new type of plane to reach a height of twenty miles and a speed of a thousand miles an hour!

To reach the moon presents greater, but not insuperable, difficulties. A rocket must be devised that can travel at least seven times as fast as any projectile yet invented before scientists can even take aim at our sister planet.

Siberia. The Berangers become members of a primitive tribe whose only contact with the modern world is a yearly fur trade in a village of northern Russia; and Oscar, eventually chosen chief of his beloved savages, attempts to wash out the inherited yearnings of his children. But his struggle is vain. The twins' sharp minds turn to what some inner instinct tells them lies beyond Siberian snows. So Oscar must travel with them all back to England. The trip, once again, is left to your imagination and you flounder as you try to picture the mad Englishman, after uncounted years of savagery, of tearing meat with his fingers and shooting fish in the river with arrows, returning to post-war England with his brood. This situation, theoretically, if it were plausible, makes room for odd, speculative dreams. It takes root in the problem of how much we owe to heredity, how much to environment, and, in so far as the describing of primitive life, it grasps your attention. But, with Oscar's frail body and still more fragile will, with his neuroses, with the hardships besetting such an adventure, you cannot travel so far. You cannot suffer their problems as actual. The story takes flight into the realm of pure conjecture. And you can only say, granting its lack of feasibility, that the author deserves full credit for a rambling imagination.

TALES told by an onlooker who shares the irony without the emotions have a certain frozen quality. The characters stand before your eyes like so many well-preserved specimens in jars. The essence which preserves them clarifies their contortions, their motives, their sensitivities beyond the shadow of an uncertainty. You know them for what they are. But the inevitability which drives them seems to come, not from the source of all life so much as from the fount of the author's designing. It is this sanguine craftsmanship which, while it deftly frames it, also pickles May Sinclair's new book, *Tales Told by Simpson* (The Macmillan Company, $2). Simpson, a subtle-minded painter, lives constantly aware of the tangles among his friends and acquaintances. He tells his stories about them somewhat the way a doctor will confidentially recall for your benefit, the histories of his most curious cases. Some of them verge on the grotesque; others, upon the tragic. Most coldly bitter, perhaps, is the story called "The Pin-Prick" in which a woman who has withstood a torrent of bludgeonings in life collapses after one tiny snub. A host of people wriggle for your inspection in the conscious lucidity of Miss Sinclair's writing. An aura of literary

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VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

EVER since the presidential campaign of 1928 no religious subject has been more to the fore, both in ecclesiastical circles and in circles outside the church, than the question of the church in politics. It is this question which Stanley High, one of the editors of the *Christian Herald,* discusses in a timely book, *The Church in Politics* (Harper). This is a historical summary of the emergence of this question in ancient Israel, its treatment in Rome and the Europe of the middle ages, and its development in our own national life. The author shows that, however mistaken the churches may at times have been, those of our own land have never gone into politics except on behalf of moral issues; they have never fought for their own ecclesiastical or temporal aggrandizement. Moreover, he makes clear that the First Amendment to the constitution, "did not by any stretch of the imagination prescribe that the church must keep out of politics." He feels that it is inevitable that men should seek through the church to express their common desires for the social and political establishment of their common moral convictions. Not all will agree with Mr. High, but his book is to be welcomed as a forthright defense of the political activities of our Protestant churches. The style is journalistic but the reasoning is cogent.

Those who attack the churches for their political activities generally hurl the epithet "Puritanical" at some point in the argument. Certain it is that in recent years this word has served to call up pictures which are anything but pleasant. That all this is a caricature, and that we owe no small part of what is good in our American heritage to the despised Puritan, is the contention of Henry Hallam Saunderson in *Puritan Principles and American Ideals* (Pilgrim Press). This too is a book much needed at the present moment in our thought about religion and political affairs. The background of the Puritans in the life of Europe, the motives which led them to seek out a home in the New World, and the ideals which actuated them in their new life, are carefully described. Every one who thinks of the Puritan as an intolerant bigot, eschewing all pleasure except the delight of torturing witches and dissenters, would do well to reorient his thinking by reading this book.

But if the church is to take a real part in shaping our social and political life it will have to be through the work of our local churches. A goodly proportion of these are country churches and no estimate of the value of the church can be made which considers only the city church. These country churches offer an increasing problem for, as the well-being and independence of the farmer have declined, the well-being and independence of the country church have followed suit. This was inevitable. So today it is self-evident that one of the greatest problems facing the churchman and the sociologist is that of the country church. All this is given most thorough consideration by the authorities in the field in a symposium called *The Country Church and Public Affairs* (Macmillan) and edited by Henry W. McLaughlin, Director of Country Church Work in the Presbterian Church, U. S. This is more than a book on the country church for it deals with the whole critical question of country life in the United States and the economic and political factors which have brought about the present situation. This is not a popular book but it will be of deep interest to the careful student of agricultural life in the United States. We would particularly commend the article by Warren H. Wilson who has been a most competent investigator in this field for twenty or more years.

But such questions as that of the place of the church in political life and the probable fate of the country church inevitably raise the more fundamental question as to the future of religion itself. This question is discussed in *The Present and Future of Religion* by C. E. M. Joad (Macmillan). While written from the standpoint of an Englishman and dealing primarily with English conditions it is nevertheless applicable to the situation in America. The author believes that the continuing decline of the churches is inevitable but that man cannot dispense with religion if he is to achieve the kind of life for which he hungers. He believes that the religion of the future will accept science fully and completely and will not dogmatize in realms in which there can be no certainty. He is convinced also that it will inculcate disinterested striving for the good of one's fellows and that it will, through the mystical appr ach, comfort and console man in he face of the apparent indifference of the physical world. It will be able to fulfill this latter function because it will find God in the tendency and purpose of the life process

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rather than in cosmic origins. This is a philosophical yet semi-popular treatment of the most fundamental questions we face. At times one feels that the author has not quite thought his way through and is oblivious to some of the evidence which might be marshaled against him, but on the whole the book is rewarding to those who are concerned about some of the drifts in contemporary civilization. But in none of these questions can we afford to neglect any element of the problem. We cannot understand the political implications of Christianity nor the prospects of religion without knowing the influence of the Jews and their religious faith in the development of our present civilization. One of the most scholarly yet readable books in this field which has yet appeared is by Laurie Magnus, called *The Jews in the Christian Era* (Dutton). This is an able summary of the contribution made by the Jewish religion and by individual Jews down through the ages. We do not recommend this to the average reader but for the earnest student of the forces which have made this modern era it will repay some hours of study.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Behind the Blurbs

A NUMBER of well known authors—French, German, English and American—are reported to have established a publishing house in Paris which will issue their work anonymously. They believe that stress should be placed on the artist's work, not on his name, and they have started this new movement as a protest against "personality mongering." There is something to be said for their point of view, but it is doubtful how far they will get with a public whose interest in a book is always greatly enhanced by the knowledge that the author wears the same kind of underwear and eats the same breakfast food they do. ☙ ☙ ☙ The Facsimile Text Society is reproducing, by the offset process, a large number of rare printed texts in literature, history, philosophy, science and economics. Annual dues five dollars, for which you receive books of your choosing to that amount, list price, —also additional volumes at about a third less than list price. The original pages are reproduced photographically, and the prices seem very reasonable. Among those already out are Donne's *Biathanatos*, Thomas Warton the Elder's *Poems on Several Occasions*, Henry More's *Enchiridion Ethicum* and *A Discourse of Trade from England unto the East Indies (1621)*. ☙ ☙ ☙ A novel of the Russian Revolution, *Quiet Street*, by Michael Ossorgin, is the Book-of-the-Month Club's Oct. enthusiasm. ☙ ☙ ☙ "Lord Carnarvon is becoming a public nuisance as a motor scorcher. He was summoned again today. Clouds of dust as high as the neighboring trees, said the police witnesses, rose up as his car whizzed along the road. By careful timing and measurements the superintendent calculated the rate of speed at 24 miles an hour." This is one of the amusing stories in *In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles*[1], excerpts from the diary of R. D. Blumenfeld, American newspaper correspondent in London from 1887 to 1914. He knew every one and went everywhere, and nothing of interest or importance escaped his eye. It is a book which will provide you with an immense amount of entertainment. ☙ ☙ ☙ All you need to know about the brown bears and grizzlies of Alaska is contained in two recent books: *The Wild Grizzlies of Alaska*[2] and *Hunting the Alaska Brown Bear*[3]. Both are well illustrated and contain plenty of bear stories and hunting adventures as well as scien-

1. Brewer & Warren, $3.50.

2. By John M. Holzworth: Putnam, $5.00.
3. By John W. Eddy: Putnam, $3.50.

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tific information. ♣ ♣ ♣ The efficient and imperturbable Inspector Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, is the man we are going to call in if we ever find a bomb or a threatening letter in our mail box. In his latest case *(Charlie Chan Carries On*[4]*)*, he takes over the investigation of a murder in a personally conducted round-the-world party, from Inspector Duff, who, along with one of his assistants, has been shot by a criminal with three other recent notches in his gun, and delivers said criminal to the police when the party reaches San Francisco. The first murder has been committed in London at the start of the trip, the second at Nice, and the third at San Remo. Charlie doesn't get on the job until the party reaches Honolulu, but when he does, things begin to happen. Not that there isn't plenty going on in the first part of the book. It's an exciting and entertaining book all the way through. ♣ ♣ ♣ When Irma Steele's husband died of phosphorus poisoning, and it came out that a previous husband had died in the same way, and that Irma had been acquitted for lack of evidence —well, of course, being a detective story reader, you know that Irma was innocent. Anyway, there were some funny occurrences that didn't seem to have much to do with Irma. For instance, some one was trying to feed her little girl poison. And there was the Curse of the Dercias, and the mysterious music, and the strange conduct of old Mother Mullins—all of which go to make *The Ghosts' High Noon*[5] an excellent thriller. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Murder in the Embassy*[6] is a new one by "Diplomat," whose *Murder in the State Department,* if you followed this department's advice, gave you a pleasant hour or two some time ago. In this one, a secret meeting of English, Japanese and American statesmen in the Japanese Embassy is disrupted by the discovery of Prince Hojo, cousin of the Emperor, lying dead of a poker thrust in the room where he has been conferring with the British chargé d'affaires, and in the hand of the bruised and unconscious Briton is the fatal poker. Enter the dapper Tyler, chief of the C.P.I., who persuades all parties to a 36-hour silence, during which they are to remain hidden in the embassy and endeavor to solve the crime. If by the end of that time, no new evidence has been discovered, the Briton is to be turned over to the Japanese Ambassador for execution. A swift tale, with an undertone of pleasant impertinence and raillery.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

4. By Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
5. By Carolyn Wells: Lippincott, $2.00.
6. Cape & Smith, $2.00.

▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶"Outward Bound"

ALTHOUGH the Warner Brothers themselves do not seem to be aware of it, they have made a picture of Sutton Vane's play *Outward Bound,* which has considerable dignity and restraint. The cast, including Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Beryl Mercer, Alec B. Francis, Alison Skipworth and Dudley Digges, performs to perfection, and Robert Milton's direction is simple, honest and effective, if only making occasional use of its medium. This is still pretty much of a stage play.

You may recall that *Outward Bound* (first produced in London in 1923) is a most singular piece of dramatics, being somewhat of a modern miracle or religious play. The scene is the bar of a transatlantic liner, and the seven passengers soon discover that except for the steward, they are the only people aboard. A little later they also discover that they are all dead and are headed for unknown parts where the Examiner will go over their cases and divide the sinners from the saved. Obviously this sort of thing has to be very nicely done indeed if it is going to get itself taken seriously—and in this case it *is* nicely done. But do the Warners know this? Do they appreciate Mr. Howard's sensitive performance? Please read some of their New York advertising: "The Sensational Love Drama, *Outward Bound*"; "Their Love Affair Is the Talk of the Town"; "A Heavenly Picture of a Heavenly Hell!" Will the Messrs. Warner kindly look me in the eye and explain just *why* they do this sort of thing? I suppose this is called getting the sex angle on eternity. *Outward Bound* would seem to be a more or less serious drama. Perhaps it will not interest some of the girls who are so crazy about Alice White or Buddy Rogers—but what did you expect? This seems to be rank misrepresentation, this advertising. In other sorts of business (we movie reviewers are always being accused of being idle dreamers with never a thought for the producer's cash—so here goes)—in other sorts of business, then, the merchant advertises what he has to sell, not something else. *Outward Bound* has a pair of lovers who have attempted suicide by gas. At the very end some one breaks in and saves them just before it is too late. It is not a "love affair" in the active, movie sense. It is full of agonized dialogues and long talks about right and wrong. In other words, Messrs. Warner, you are selling serious drama. If a shoe store came out advertising a sale of kitchen utensils it could not be any more misleading or confusing. The flappers attracted by the slogan "A sensational love drama" will come away in disgust. On the other hand, the serious section of the population will be heartily poisoned by this electric sign and never go in to see your picture, which they would probably enjoy.

As for *Outward Bound,* the play, it is a little old-fashioned. Undeniably effective the first time you see it, it resembles a mystery play in that once you know what is going to happen it loses considerably. It belongs to the generation of moralizing in which the rich, aristocratic society lady and the blustering captain of industry are quickly sent to hell while the poor charwoman and humble clergyman are pleasantly rewarded.

▶▶"Africa Speaks"

It seems that a certain Mr. Paul L. Hoefler, leader of the Colorado-African Expedition, went to the "mysterious, dark continent" some time in 1928 and made sound pictures of wild animals. Among the scenes is one in which a native is killed and eaten by a charging lion (with deletions), another in which a swarm of locusts sweeps across the landscape, and a third of a lake filled with millions of flamingos. The pictures are really astonishingly good, but as for the sounds —well, let's not go into that. Suffice it to say that in 1928 sound recording apparatus was very scarce.

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: Walter Huston gives a fine performance in D. W. Griffith's first all-talking film. Interesting in many ways, it is perhaps excessively worshipful.
All Quiet on the Western Front: Still unquestionably the finest film of the year—a war picture without any Hollywood sentiment or cheap heroics. Fine stuff.
Animal Crackers: Uproarious nonsense with the four Marx brothers going strong.
Hell's Angels: Amazing photography of aerial combat with a plot that's just terrible.
The Big House: Melodrama in a penitentiary with Wallace Beery growling and shooting.
Monte Carlo: Ernst Lubitsch's latest—a charming and sprightly comedy with a few songs. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan have the leads.
Old English: George Arliss in another fine characterization.
Romance: Despite a dull and old-fashioned play, our Greta Garbo does beautifully.
Storm Over Asia: Soviet propaganda so magnificently photographed that it is worth a visit for the pictures alone.

Other New Films

Dough Boys: Buster Keaton manages to wring a few laughs out of the war. A good deal like all the other war comedies.
The Spoilers: A talking version of a rip-roaring knock-down wild west story about gold rush days in Nome. Gary Cooper and Kay Johnson. Plenty of action.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

"CRAZY with the heat," is the explanation that friends—oh, all right, acquaintances—of theatrical producers often offer as to what prompts the impresarios to put on this or that preposterous bit of nonsense in August or early September. I regret that in the case of *Insult,* adapted from the Dutch of Jan Fabricius by J. E. Harold Terry and Harry Tighe, the plea of temporary insanity brought on by excessively warm weather cannot be advanced in defense of Mr. Lee Shubert. If we are to believe Mr. Shubert's press agent, (as who does not implicitly?) the thing was done in London's more temperate clime by the identical cast which currently makes the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre such an excellent place to stay away from! Even if the famous London fog was so thick that the facial contortions and awkward movements of the "actors" could not be distinguished, Mr. Shubert could not have helped hearing what that cast did to make impossible lines even more ridiculous. No, the weather cannot be blamed for the importation of this "Insult" to the taste and intelligence of American theatregoers. The play deals with miscegenation in the Dutch East Indies, and that's all I'm going to say about it, because otherwise I'll find myself telling you what's wrong with the theatre.

Symphony in Two Flats, another London production brought over intact by the Messrs. Shubert, fails to convince because of writing which is either technically faulty or a too obviously insincere attempt to play on the heartstrings of the unanalytically susceptible. As indicated by the punning title, Mr. Ivor Novello, the English matinee idol who is author as well as star, has written a piece which takes place in alternate scenes in two flats, one below the other, or perhaps Americans call them apartments. The idea is that tragedy and comedy can exist in juxtaposition with the tragedians and the comedians quite unaware of each other's existence. But Mr. Novello's tragedy is sentimentality, and his comedy is really farce. The flat above is occupied by a jazz composer who tries for a prize offered for a symphony. He strains his eyes and goes blind from overwork and his wife hasn't the courage to tell him that he didn't win the prize. But at the end we are assured that he'll be able to see in a couple of years, that his wife really loves him, and that he'll keep on trying to write real music. Downstairs the farce deals with the efforts of a middle-aged lady to snare a husband in spite of the distractions presented by a daughter and a stepdaughter. The two plays are never brought into relation to each other and each suffers from the interruption of the other.

Another jazz composer who strives for higher things is presented in *The Rhapsody,* by Louis K. Anspacher, in which Mr. Louis Calhern does some uncommonly fine acting. The play, however, is like Stephen Leacock's hero who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions. But it is never cheap or pandering to the more easily aroused emotions, and it is almost always interesting even though the continuity is faulty. A Hungarian composer gives the public what it wants and despises himself for doing so. His other problem is that he has an *alter ego* with a murderous craving for revenge on a sergeant who subjected him to terrible treatment during the war. He is in the hands of a psychoanalyst who is trying to cure him. The trouble is that Mr. Anspacher, quite possibly at the behest of Mr. George M. Cohan, the producer, has injected an irrelevant sex theme and some inconsequential comic relief—apparently in an effort to relieve the audience of the strain of thinking for a change.

Everybody connected with Mr. Arthur Hammerstein's *Luana* ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. It is a musical version of *The Bird of Paradise* for which Rudolf Friml has dug up reminiscent music which does not fit the scene; the book and the lyrics are inept and banal, and not even the costumes and scenery are beautiful.

Recommended Current Shows

Flying High: Still better than any of the new musical shows. Bert Lahr to laugh at.
Garrick Gaieties: Pleasant intimate revue.
Ladies All: Not for the Baptist aunt whose fortune you hope to inherit, but a good enough spicy comedy for any one else.
Little Show: I liked it anyway, and now they have Marion Harris to put over the songs.
Lysistrata: With only Ernest Truex of the original principals left, this is now on the doubtful list.
Strictly Dishonorable: In its second year and deservedly so.
The Green Pastures: The unique Negro miracle play.
The Last Mile: For those who want to be harrowed by a relentless drama of prison life—and death.
Topaze: Frank Morgan giving an excellent performance in a French satire about universal types.
Torch Song: The best of the early season's plays with anything approaching a serious theme.
Uncle Vanya: Jed Harris revival of the great Chekhov comedy for only two weeks with a brilliant cast.
Up Pops the Devil: Delightful lines and good acting and direction never give the silly plot a chance to annoy you. The funniest show in town.

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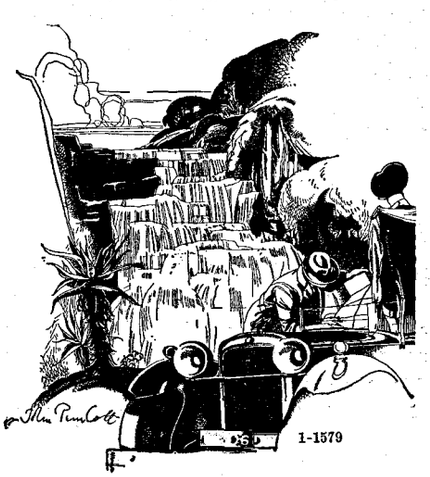

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▶▶ Battle of Lilliput ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

ON NOVEMBER 24, 1863, Fighting Joe Hooker stormed Braxton Bragg's intrenched line on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, in "the battle above the clouds." On October 20, 1930, a "co-ed" company of forty-eight men and forty-eight women, Lilliputian Golf champions of their respective states, will tee up atop this same Lookout Mountain in the first National Open Tom Thumb Championship!

The transition has its comical as well as its sardonic angles, but though the stake of $7,500 in prize money for which these miniature golf aspirants will squabble is a minor one compared to the life or death issue facing Hooker's powder-blackened Federals, the Tom Thumbites are in grim earnest.

Peewee golf may be lampooned by press and screen, but first prizes of $2,000 apiece, awarded to the man and woman who survive the final elimination trials, are not so easily laughed off. $1,000 apiece goes to the runner-up in the masculine and feminine divisions. The rest of the prize money is allotted in bills of $100 and $50 to those finishing from third to fifteenth inclusive.

I wonder what rough and tumble Joe Hooker would say if he knew that the heights which his Union divisions carried at such a cost in killed and wounded had been picked as the site of a cameo golf tourney! Nothing printable, probably. As for gruff Bragg, the swashbuckling martinet, he would agree with Gil Dobie, apostle of football pessimism, that the human race is degenerating. Can you picture Bragg's face if he learned that his Missionary Ridge position had been rechristened "Fairyland"?

A lot can happen in sixty-seven years. Cotton-seed hull fairways, five to thirty yards in length, dyed green to imitate grass, have replaced the Confederate earthworks along Lookout Ridge; fantastic obstacles—such as open-ended barrels, sections of gas pipe, roller-coaster chute-the-chutes, subterranean passages, artificial ponds, gaily painted dog-houses, miniature see-saws, hollow-log trestles, trick tunnels, tiny pyramids, and blocks set on end like ninepins—now rear their bizarre shapes where once barbed wire entanglements and bullet-scarred picket fences sprawled along Missionary Crest. Aluminum putters glisten under the same sunlight that in sterner days glinted on razor-edged bayonets. The era of "Swords and Roses" has yielded place to that of niblicks and cotton-seed hulls.

IT IS hard to resist a temptation to poke fun at America's latest mania, but if Tom Thumb golf is a joke, then the laugh is on four million people nightly. At least that number, according to a nation wide tabulation made by Tom Thumb course promoters, now find diversion every evening on midget links from Montauk Light to Point Loma!

Granting that four million Tom Thumbites mobilize each night on America's 25,000 miniature links, it follows that approximately twenty million persons have been bitten by this virulent germ. Thousands more are being exposed daily. Where the craze will end, no man can say, but pigmy golf sponsors are not going to let their golden goose die a Mah Jong death if foresight will save it.

One of their schemes to keep interest flaming is the National Tom Thumb Open Championship to be played at Chattanooga on October 20, 21 and 22. These climax matches, the culmination of nation wide elimination trials now being contested in each of the forty-eight states of the Union, will be staged at the Fairyland toy links on the summit of Lookout Mountain.

The Fairyland course is the daddy of all Tom Thumb layouts. It was the idea of Garnet Carter, a Chattanooga real estate operator, who decided that a baby pitch and putting course would be a happy adjunct to his standard length links which also sits astride Hooker's hard-earned perch. This Lilliputian layout caught public fancy from the start. People crowded it in such numbers that Carter began charging a greens fee. When that didn't stop them, Carter realized he had stumbled into a fortune.

But turf couldn't stand the wear and tear of continuous play. Casting around for a substitute for grass, Carter heard of a vegetable fibre substance which had been patented by Fairbairn and McCart of Texas. Fairbairn, a cotton grower, had accidentally discovered the putting properties of cotton-seed hulls when tapping a golf ball across the floor of a warehouse carpeted with these husks. This lucky strike made Fairbairn rich. Joining hands with Carter and other miniature course manufacturers, he now gets a royalty on every layout installed.

THE term "miniature golf" is really a misnomer. Properly speaking, these obstacle-studded, arc-lighted corner lot layouts have nothing in common with genuine golf links. Pigmy golf isn't golf at all—isn't even a game in the strict sense of the word. Tom Thumb golf is really an amusement device akin to the mechanical side-shows you wander into at Coney Island and Atlantic City.

Fearing that their golf mine might go the way of all fads in a country where vogues fade as quickly as they sprout, Tom Thumb promoters are tremendously eager to foster the fiction that it is a game—hence the idea of the midget National Open.

Now comes the richest joke in this weird yarn. The august U.S.G.A., pillar of genuine golf, an ultra-conservative organization which looks askance at radical innovations, has been jockeyed into the position of endorsing this Tom Thumb upstart as a corollary to the Scotch game!

On July 24, Rodman Griscom, chairman of the U.S.G.A. Amateur Status Committee, issued this significant ukase: "The Association considers Tom Thumb golf courses as coming within the rules of golf and governed by them. Any golfer accepting a cash prize violates his amateur status. Anybody giving lessons for pay becomes a professional."

I happen to know that the U.S.G.A. privately regards Tom Thumb golf as an amusement enterprise rather than a game, but its hand was forced by the possibility that amateur golfers might capitalize their skill via the new fad.

For instance, if the U.S.G.A. flatly declared that miniature golf was not a game and had no kinship with the Scotch pastime, the door would be wide open for enterprising amateurs to hire out as instructors at Tom Thumb links, to sell equipment, or to compete for cash prizes.

Caught on the horns of a dilemma, the U.S.G.A. was compelled to accord this Tom Thumb tomfoolery a sort of left-handed recognition as a game rather than court the possibility of wide spread commercialism in its amateur ranks. It was the lesser of two evils, but how Finlay Douglas and Charley Macdonald of golf's pink-jacketed old guard must

(Please Turn to Page 199)

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▶▶ The Magic Carpet ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

ONE afternoon in 1906 a St. Louis drug merchant, while visiting in New York, chanced to spy an Oriental rug in the window of a Fourth Avenue rug shop. The brilliant colors in this Turkish rug so attracted the St. Louisan that he entered the shop and asked what its price might be. The dealer named $500. This was more than the St. Louisan felt he should spend to indulge his passing whim, so he left the shop and dismissed the rug from his mind. But, to the man's own surprise, he found that the rug refused to be dismissed. Its pale green and burning red tints haunted him; its intricate design continued to exercise a subtle attraction. Resigning himself to what had now become a necessity, the St. Louisan a few days later went back to the shop and purchased the rug.

It was in this fashion that James Franklin Ballard acquired his first Oriental rug, and it was a purchase that was not only to change the direction of his future life, but was also destined to be of the greatest significance to lovers of art in America. For that little Bergama rug, hardly fifteen square feet in size, turned out to be a magic carpet of amazing potency. Almost over-night it transformed a middle-aged business man into an adventurer who was to spend the rest of his days trying to satisfy a passion for beauty which that rug had evoked. Once to taste of the lotus is to be forever enthralled. In the twenty-five years that have passed since Ballard acquired that rug he has traveled more than 400,000 miles, venturing into the far places of the earth, China, India and Persia, at times enduring hunger, fatigue and cold, occasionally even risking his life, sparing nothing to add one more rare Oriental beauty to his ever-growing collection. He was never a check-book collector, relegating the hard work to agents and trusting to the judgment of hired experts. His own enthusiasm and ardor made him one of the world's foremost authorities on Oriental weaves, and his knowledge coupled with his profound appreciation, found him welcomed as a lecturer in museums abroad and in America.

THEN when Ballard's individual collection had become the finest of its kind in the world, containing rare specimens and examples that had been lost to sight for generations, he clearly demonstrated that his long quest had been inspired by no instinct of vulgar acquisition, but rather by a desire to acquire beauty in order to share it. To the Metropolitan Museum of New York, in 1923, he gave a group of 126 rugs, making their collection the most complete in the world, and last year to the City Art Museum of his own St. Louis he gave a group of 79 Asia Minor rugs, the most complete of its kind ever assembled. The Metropolitan gift was valued at a half-million dollars and the St. Louis gift at half that amount, but the value of neither group is for a moment to be reckoned in terms of money, for each contains specimens that cannot be duplicated, and each group, by its very existence, must inevitably reveal new vistas of beauty to this generation and many others still to come.

BALLARD was fifty-five years old when he acquired that first rug a quarter of a century ago. Thus he began a new career at an age when most men have completed their major accomplishments in life. Oddly enough, there was nothing in his background or previous experience to indicate any interest in art or even any susceptibility to objects of beauty; certainly nothing that indicated an eventual reputation as a world-famous connoisseur and collector. Born in Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1851, he received some education in the elementary schools, went to work as a youth in a small-town drug store and at the age of twenty-three moved to St. Louis. After working for a wholesale drug firm there he went into business for himself and prospered.

And it was while on a visit to New York to consummate a business transaction that he accidentally encountered that first fateful Bergama.

He has retired from the arduousness of active collecting, for the strain of extended travel is more than his eighty years can bear. Nevertheless he still yields on occasion to the temptation of purchasing a rug that attracts him, and the apartment that he now occupies in New York is strewn with rugs once trod upon by emperors and sheiks or knelt upon by pious Musselmen at prayer. For although the years have taken their inevitable toll of Ballard's strength, he still finds a youthful joy and exaltation in these lovely jewels of the weaver's art, and more remarkable yet, he is still eager and able to communicate to others that amazing revelation of beauty that came to him so unexpectedly twenty-five years ago.

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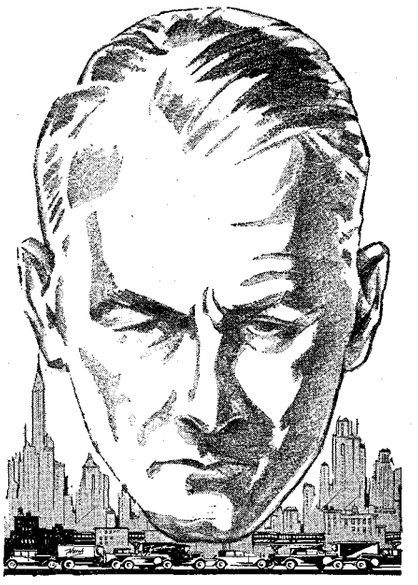

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▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*Around the World*

THE tiny village, like a shell, might have been washed up by the sea. Some unremembered tide, no doubt, reaching more adventurously than the others, had left it there to shine pink and lavender and yellow under the sunlight on the blue harbor. For once in the early morning and once again towards night, the curving water is seen to tremble with the very colors of the town, showing an identity somewhere.

The tiny baby, lying in his cradle over a hundred years ago, staring through the crooked window at the light —of the sun, the town and the water, dancing outside the glass—was warmed and invited by it; reached for it, and into life.

"Time to get up!" it called to him, soundlessly in the beginning; then streaming into his mother's voice as the months flew by, shining and ringing clearly into words.

"Time to get up!" she would call to him as he opened his eyes. And presently he could answer it, could move his feet towards it, could run past the heavy door and out of the little house—that straggled reluctantly behind the village as though dragged backwards by the sand—could stumble over stones and shells until the beach sucked at his toes and his footprints filled with water, until the foam like little kittens curled around his ankles.

This was the beginning of the world! He could not see the end of it, but the road ran out of the harbor, certainly, over the water invisible and wide and in the distance dipping straight into the sky. Then where? The little fishes that twitched and floated in shallow pools, that he caught sometimes, slippery in his hands, that escaped him like shadows in deep water; they probably knew, having come from great distances, but they gave nothing away—not even a cry, like the seagulls; not even a feather. Still, he kept on catching them and turning them over in his hands and staring from them out to that dizzy line between sky and water. Until, as he grew to be a big boy, he decided that he was a fisherman.

He was a fisherman, and when he would be a little older he would travel out on the sea in great boats, further and further—to fling his nets overboard. Sometimes he lay awake at night to think about it; and on one night he counted up and told himself he was eleven years. High time, he told himself, to begin his travels, if he was ever to reach the ends of the earth, and know all there was to learn about life.

And so he signed up, at eleven years, with a fishing fleet that was setting sail for Iceland, and in a few days' time he had left the tiny village which was the beginning of the world, and was running full tilt before the wind on the road leading out of the harbor.

From now on, the years ran into each other so fast that he could scarcely count them. Twenty, he was grown up and strong. Twenty-five, he was no longer a fisherman, but sailing before the mast to strange ports. Thirty, and he was in a great war where the sea rolled red about his ship, and washed out the names of his generation. Forty, forty-five and he had won himself a name for luck; no ship he rode upon was ever shipwrecked, life loved him. Fifty—

At fifty, he found the parrot. She called him and he turned to look. A slow grin held his face. "How old?" he asked.

"Just fifty."

And this port was the farthest yet from home! He held his hand out and she hopped upon his arm. Cocked head, quizzical eye, eager curiosity—in fifty years, she had learned perhaps a great deal? Well, she had learned to talk. He took her with him.

Sixty, seventy; and he remembered one day that he had never thought to marry, until now.

Eighty, and he had been ten years happily married. Ninety, found him a widower.

There are not many men who live to be a hundred, who have been to all the ends of the earth and have returned at last to the beginning. So he tells himself, having passed a hundred, as he walks through the rooms of his small house, as he swings open the heavy door and stumbles over stones and shells to the edges of the water. Ninety years at sea —"I know you," he says nodding, but not troubling to lift his eyes.

At night, "You think you will outlast me?" he says kindly to the parrot. But his thoughts are absent-minded, he cannot always follow them himself. In the morning, for example, when he opens his eyes to stare up at the crooked window, at the light—rising, trembling with color.

"Time to get up!" cries a voice, calling aloud his name. And for the life of him, he wonders, was it the parrot calling? Was it the light that spoke his name without a sound?

The Dry Decade

(Continued from Page 168)

dry. This is a misleading theory. For the authoritative index of state laws compiled by Mr. Wheeler and published under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League[14] plainly shows that many of the "dry" states had prescribed a thoroughly legal means of obtaining and using intoxicating liquors.

Alabama is one of the states always listed as dry before the War. But the Alabama law provided (Section 3a) that any citizen might legally import two quarts of distilled spirits or two gallons of wine or five gallons of beer every fifteen days if he so desired[15].

Virginia was another of the dry states. But the Virginia law provided (Section 39) that once in every thirty days "one quart of distilled liquors or three gallons of beer or one gallon of wine may be brought to any person not a student at a university, college or any other school, nor a minor, nor a female (not the head of a family) for his own use[16]."

Indiana was a dry state; but the provisions of its prohibition law were generous enough to legalize (Section 35) possession of not more than one gallon of hard liquor or twelve quarts of beer on any one occasion[17].

Michigan was a dry state. It had written prohibition into its Constitution. Under Article XV "the manufacture, sale, keeping for sale, giving away, bartering or furnishing" of any form of intoxicating liquor was "prohibited forever[18]." This Article, however, said nothing to prohibit the importation of liquor for personal use. This privilege remained intact.

Maine, New Hampshire, Iowa and North Dakota were dry states; but either their laws, like Michigan's, said nothing to prohibit importation of liquor for personal use or else these laws expressly approved such importation[19].

Mississippi, North Carolina, West Virginia, Tennessee and South Carolina were all dry states. But the Mississippi law (Section 12-4) permitted the manufacture of home-made wine[20]. The North Carolina law (Section 3) legalized the importation of one quart of spirits or five gallons of beer every fifteen days[21]. The West Virginia law (Section 4) permitted the manufacture of wine for personal use and (Section 31) the importation of one quart of liquor every

14. Wayne B. Wheeler, *Federal and State Laws Relating to Intoxicating Liquor*, Second Edition, May, 1918.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 93.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 766.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 203.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 49.
19. *Ibid.*, pp. 274, 416-430, 206, 505-7.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 371.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 478.

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thirty days[22]. The Tennessee law legalized manufacture for personal use[23]. And the South Carolina law, permitting importation in limited quantities for medicinal purposes, legalized the possession of such liquor on condition that it was not stored up in "any unusual amount or in any unusual way[24]."

Mr. Wheeler's compilation makes it clear, in fact, that while there were many townships and counties throughout the country which had adopted some form of prohibition under local option, and while there were many states which had adopted some form of prohibition on a state-wide basis, there were only thirteen states before the War which had sought to anticipate on a state-wide basis the drastic bone-dry legislation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

These thirteen states were Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah and Washington—all in the South and West.

The total area of these states was 1,119,555 square miles—or 36.9 per cent of the area of the country.

Their total population in 1910 was 13,111,990—or 14.2 per cent of the population of the country.

These thirteen states covered more than a third of the territory of the United States, but held less than one-seventh of its people.

ON THE eve of the War, then, the situation may be summarized as follows:

A large number of states had been put under prohibition, but only thirteen states under bone-dry prohibition. Local option was still the established principle in most of the populous industrial states. In many other states, theoretically dry, the adoption of prohibition had not been intended absolutely to prohibit the purchase or the use of intoxicating liquors but rather to abolish the saloon and to place the traffic under rigid supervision. Some of these states permitted importation in limited amounts. Some permitted importation in limited percentages. Some permitted home manufacture in certain forms. Some required that the ingredients used in home manufacture be locally grown. In each case the methods and the penalties of prohibition varied according to local customs, local standards and local taste.

Meantime, ignoring these actual and potential variations in local theory, there was the proposal militantly advanced by the Anti-Saloon League for a single rigid standard: a standard requiring ab-

22. *Ibid.*, pp. 806-17.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 632-4.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 571.

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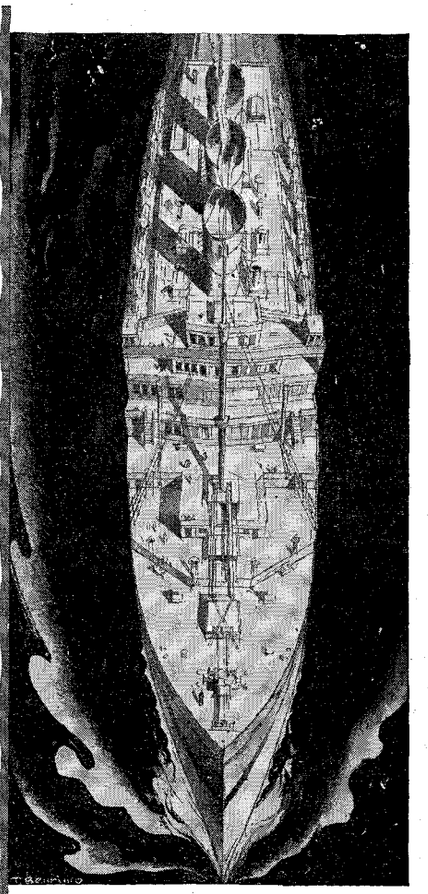

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solute and compulsory prohibition for the entire nation.

These two plans were fundamentally dissimilar in philosophy and in method. One plan rested on local initiative; the other on centralized authority. One plan was loosely shaped to take account of local prejudice; the other compromised with nothing. Yet both plans, in 1917, were plainly gaining ground. In the states the drift of affairs was unmistakably in the direction of more laws rather than less laws and of an increasingly rigid control, even in local option states, of the whole business of manufacturing and distributing alcoholic liquor. In Washington a majority of the House of Representatives had voted in favor of a Constitutional Amendment in December, 1914, and the Anti-Saloon League was now ready to predict that on the next test of strength the plan for Constitutional prohibition would do better.

Certainly there was much to justify the faith of the militant prohibitionists in 1917, despite the reluctance of the states themselves to adopt bone-dry prohibition. The Anti-Saloon League could count on its own effective political power; on a steadily increasing resentment in most parts of the country against the saloon; on the reluctance of the brewers and distillers to put their trade in order; and perhaps above all else on the absence of any movement or any organization interested in planning a moderate program of reform, which might have begun with a serious effort to enforce the Webb-Kenyon Law.

Whether the combination of these forces would have been powerful enough to override the old method of state action and obtain the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, provided no sensational new factor had suddenly been interjected into the situation, is a question destined never to be answered.

At this point came the War.

(To be continued)

Detroit Apes Chicago

(Continued from Page 184)

if Judge Frank Murphy, who had entered the race at the last moment, would do likewise.

Judge Murphy's position, from his own standpoint, was an extremely ticklish one. The Detroit *Times*, a Hearst newspaper which had supported Mayor Bowles until his mal-administration became too flagrant, was badly in need of a candidate. Such is the nature of the *Times* that it would not consider joining with the other newspapers in the support of Mr. Engel. The account of the Buckley murder published by Mr. Hearst's Detroit organ, in which the dead man was brutally maligned, had met with anything but popular approbation; and it is reliably reported that from the Hearst headquarters in New York word was sent to the *Times* to rehabilitate itself in the public esteem. Judge Murphy had long been the *Times'* favorite son; it had been instrumental in placing him on the bench, and now the hour had struck.

Judge Murphy first announced that if Mayor Bowles did not retire, he would withdraw and leave Mr. Engel as the only opposing candidate; but very shortly he changed his mind. Having resigned from a $12,500 position on the bench, and with Mayor Bowles showing no inclination to withdraw from the contest, Judge Murphy was between the devil and the deep sea. However, he defended his action in becoming a candidate after he had agreed to drop out by the fact that 80,000 loyal citizens were clamoring to elevate him to high office. And on Sept. 9, to the amazement of the political prophets, Frank Murphy was elected mayor of Detroit by a plurality of more than 12,000 votes, defeating Messrs. Bowles, Engel and Smith in the order named.

As to what the future, politically speaking, holds for Detroit, it is difficult to say. Although it has been through eight months of appalling mismanagement and assorted sculduggery, Detroit apparently does not want an experienced and capable official for its mayor. In Mr. Engel, it was offered a seasoned executive, the best man picked by the best citizens for the job. Yet Mayor Bowles, recalled for incompetence only two months before, polled some ten thousand more votes than the candidate chosen by representative Detroiters to bring the city out of political and administrative chaos.

The new mayor of Detroit is a colorful and more or less eccentric figure, a friend and ally of the under dog on one hand and the darling of certain of the rich and the great on the other. Where Mr. Engel offered the voters a very definite administrative program, Judge Murphy bombarded them with vague promises. That the mayor of Detroit is a conscientious and well-meaning young man, there can be no possible doubt, but in the past he has shown himself a sentimental idealist whose heart, more than his head, is the guide to his official conduct.

In brief, Detroit has deposed a bungling incompetent, rejected the best executive available, and chosen an eloquent but inexperienced young man to deliver it from its present sorry state. Whether Mayor Murphy can accomplish that remains to be seen; he is the selection, not of representative citizens, but of the Hearst press and "the peepul." Detroit has never had a mayor quite like him, and perhaps it will prove a valuable experience. In any event, the town is now afforded an opportunity to test the wisdom of turning a deaf ear to the counsels of its own wise men and following the persuasions of Mr. Hearst.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of September 27, 1950

In a motor bus accident at Birdville, Ind., this week, injuries were sustained by more than half of the 193 passengers.

Mayor Thomas Tyger of New York viewed with alarm the corruption in Chicago and Detroit.

A $200,000,000 merger was effected last week of the National Glider Corporation and the Wingless Airplane Company of America.

It was learned that the Duke of Tetley, 1950 challenger for the America's Cup, observed in Dublin, on his parlor television screen, all the trial races off Newport, R. I., in which the twenty-six American Cup defenders took part.

A Citizen Looks at the Farmer

(Continued from Page 173)

lands. There is, however, one other angle from which we might consider those who ought to raise grain in small quantities, that is, for their own consumption. These latter are accustomed to selling what grain they raise in the market, and then buying flour for their own use. In this practice the waste is tremendous, though always overlooked.

Wheat is selling today on the farm for a little over a cent a pound; wheat flour costs at the store about nine cents. In the old days, back in Connecticut, my Uncle Frank had a "tide mill" for grinding grain. When the farmer brought in his bags of grain Uncle Frank dipped out of each bushel a beechen measure full; just one-tenth of a bushel. Thus the farmer paid ten per cent, plus the hauling, for having his wheat ground. If today he pays nine cents for the flour made from the wheat he sold for less than two, how much does he now pay for grinding his wheat? How does this cost compare with the old days? This question seems to me to be

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worth considering, and emphasizing.

I can speak from experience; I have ground in a hand mill, not always personally, all the wheat we have used in our own bread for years. The hand mill cost $3.50. Wheat, of which little is raised in Florida, cost me this year three cents a pound there, while, at the same time they asked me thirty-five cents at the store for a three-pound package of "whole wheat" flour. Wheat sold at one cent a pound and brought back in the form of flour at twelve cents makes a pretty stiff price for grinding; it cost the farmer more than ten times as much to reduce his grain to flour as it did to raise it. This work he could easily have done himself.

The farmer has had the joy—and expense—of carrying his wheat to market, and bringing part of it back as flour. Has he any notion how much he has paid for the experience? Apparently not.

Profits for Wives

(Continued from Page 171)

values. They are her children as well as his; nor is he responsible for her services to society. Love and affection are personal matters between them; she ought to give as much as she gets. Besides, love and affection have no cash value. On both sides they yearn to give. It is true that after a wife has spent her youth and her energies in his service she cannot after a certain age go into the labor markets. But if she has had a wage she will have had her opportunity like other workers to provide for her own old age. So long as she lives she is provided for and if he dies the law gives her an interest in his estate. This seems a very fair equivalent for old-age pensions.

There always remains for her the gamble on his death. He may leave her everything. What I have been here concerned with is her right to a certain dividend on her years spent in his service. In an industrial-commercial age it is worth considering.

Battle of Lilliput

(Continued from Page 194)

wince as they contemplate the alliance of necessity binding them to this restless and voracious midget!

If Bobby Jones or his amateur confreres should decide to enter the Tom Thumb Open they could not accept cash prizes without forfeiting their amateur status. Gold and silver plate will be awarded amateur victors at Chattanooga in lieu of money.

Winners of the forty-eight state championships will have their railroad fare paid by the Tom Thumb Association to Chattanooga—a privilege of which amateurs may not avail themselves since the U.S.G.A. does not sanction traveling expenses. The Tom Thumb tournament is open to everybody, devotees of miniature courses not operated under the cotton-seed patent being just as eligible as regular Tom Thumb patrons. The tournament sponsors are anxious to remove any implied taint of commercialism and eager to give the meeting a sporting flavor.

ANYTHING that is tiny invites ridicule, as jests coined at the expense of bantam cars, pigmy elephants and circus dwarfs attest, but such renowned professionals as Gene Sarazen, Bill Mehlhorn, Al Ciucci, Al Espinosa and Tom Armour are evidently willing to play the buffoon in return for a shot at that $2,000 first prize, for they have filed entries in the Tom Thumb Open.

Remembering such short-lived fads as ping pong, diabolo, flag pole sitting, mah jong, marathon dancing, the tango, and tether ball, it may well be that Tom Thumb golf is not long for this changing world, but when it fades into the limbo whither the celluloid ping pong pill, the feathered shuttlecock and the Chinese character frescoed tiles have departed, it will leave behind a dozen millionaires of its making and perhaps a million converts to Scotland's royal and ancient game.

It is rumored that Bobby Jones, a close friend of Garnet Carter's, may decide to qualify for the Chattanooga event after he concludes his little engagement at Merion. To win the Tom Thumb Open on top of the four major golf crowns would be a climax worthy of the greatest golfer of all time. Then indeed he might stow away his magic spoon with the conviction that there were no more worlds to conquer.

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▸▸In This Issue◂◂

CHARLES MERZ is an editorial writer for the New York *World* and a frequent contributor to national publications. In 1918 Mr. Merz served on the American Commission to negotiate peace. He is also the author of *The Great American Bandwagon* and *And Then Came Ford.*

FREDERIC L. SMITH is a newspaperman and resident of Detroit. His most recent contributions to the Outlook were "War on the River" and "Annual Jamboree."

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN was for many years associated with the late Governor Pingree of Michigan. Formerly Commissioner of the Detroit Public Library, he is at present engaged in the Consular Service at Detroit. Mr. Follin is also a member of numerous scientific societies.

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR was formerly a leader of the woman's suffrage movement and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Mrs. Blair is now honorary vice-president of the Women's National Democratic Club and a member of numerous other societies.

▸▸Next Week◂◂

Summer Sewing Circle, by William Loeb, Jr.

Founded in 1920 through the generosity of Bernard M. Baruch, the Williamstown Institute of Politics was designed to discuss and stimulate interest in international relations. Unfortunately, the author asserts, the Institute has lost the impartiality which originally characterized its deliberations. Propaganda has been allowed to enter its discussions, one of which has even been conducted by a professional publicity man. The members who attend, moreover, have no genuine interest in the proceedings. The Institute, Mr. Loeb concludes, is rapidly becoming a sewing circle.

The God of War Enlists, by Charles Merz.

Although most special interests were subordinated to the National welfare following the entry of the United States into the World War, the prohibitionists, the author declares, lost no opportunity to further their favorite cause. While public attention was centered on events in France "an experiment to be described a decade later as noble in motive" was being jammed through Congress and the state legislatures. How little attention was paid to the subject is shown by the fact that the Senate devoted only thirteen hours to discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment. In the second instalment of "The Dry Decade," Mr. Merz describes the drys' victory which culminated in the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment in thirteen months.

Miniature West Points, by Archibald Rutledge.

Conceding that there are a number of worth while military schools in the United States, the author makes the point that in most of them the boys learn to parade, ride horseback and give the school yell. The students have no appreciation of scholarship and find themselves hopelessly handicapped when finally they go to college. The problem, Mr. Rutledge explains, is even more important since military training inculcates ideas of militarism in a day when there is already too much of this.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Philip M. Barr.

Experiments abroad with rockets open a fascinating field for scientific speculation. Only madmen suppose that these rockets now being built, can be used to transport human beings to Mars or Venus. But the development of a new fuel may wholly change this. Should this new fuel be found, scientists believe, exploration of the planets will surely come. Jules Verne's dream, Mr. Barr believes, may become a reality sooner than we expect.

▸▸ With Our Writers ◂◂

EDITORS' NOTE—The contributors to the Outlook's Prohibition Symposium whose opinions appear in this issue, are:

Dr. A. G. Keller, Professor of the Science of Society, of Yale University; Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Director of the Smithsonian Institute, and Professor Charles A. Beard, author of the *Rise of American Civilization.*

Personal Liberty

To the Editor of the *New Haven*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I do not approve of the prohibition legislation under which we are trying to live. My reasons are not personal, in the sense that I miss stimulants to which I have been accustomed, for I have never been so accustomed; and I try not to resent unduly the buzzing of busybodies who intrude inquisitive or inquisitorial probosces into my affairs. My reasons are general—I might almost say professional.

I view all infringements upon personal liberty with deep suspicion. The burden of proof is on their proponents. Yet I am one who is ready to sacrifice personal freedom for a demonstrated larger interest. I have submitted to curtailment of my liberties, as well as to snubbings, not too easy for a middle-aged man to bear, from military superiors, offering my discomfort for what I regarded as common weal. I see nothing such in prohibition, but consider it to be anti-social, ineffective, costly, not seldom hypocritical, conducive to lawlessness even in the law-abiding. I doubt its alleged economic and other services, deeming them, in any case, far outweighed by its disservices. I do not trust the prophets of prohibition. Their seerdom seems to me spurious, and I do not wish to be aligned with ignorance, intolerance, or fanatic clamor. I do not recall cases where people have been coerced to be good on the basis of resolutions enacted by self-constituted benefactors, not over-concerned with scruples.

The Prophet enforced prohibition; but he had Allah behind him, as all men know. If I ever embrace Islam, or Methodism, or become a bootlegger, a professional uplifter, or a politician with an elephant ear spread all over the ground, I may be led to change my views. I am committed to an admiration of statesmanship, a quality which I have not as yet descried in prohibition programs or performances.

A. G. KELLER.

The Problem of Alcohol

To the Editor of the *Washington*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—The problem of "alcohol" like all other human problems, can only be solved, it would seem, on the basis of broad knowledge and understanding.

All primitive peoples, from as far back as known, had acquired inclination for stimulants and intoxicants. The two terms are in general only those of degrees, for nearly all stimulants intoxicate if taken in sufficient quantity. An intoxicant may be defined essentially as a substance the use of which is followed by more or less mental exhilaration. That the use of the intoxicant is followed by unpleasant and even dangerous reactions, is a bad but unavoidable incidence which is suffered for the rest. A craving for and the habitual necessity of recourse to intoxicants are already among the pathological consequences of the protracted use of such substances. Taste of the substance taken is of importance, but secondary to "effects."

The substances employed as intoxicants were and still are legion. They fall into two main categories: fermented drinks; and various fungi, plants, and chemicals. The first category connects directly with foods, the second with drugs.

The first class of stimulants-intoxicants comprises fermented vegetable juices, fermented fruit juices, fermented grain, and fermented starch or sugar-containing substances. The "active" principle in all these cases is ethyl alcohol.

The second category of intoxicants includes many vegetable substances; in these cases the active principles are known as vegetable alkaloids. Coffee and tea, with their alkaloids caffeine and thein, are allied to this class; but they only stimulate, do not intoxicate.

Of all these products those that contain pure ethyl alcohol are the least harmful to human health. Light, well made, unadulterated beers and wines are valuable adjuncts to meals and have unquestionably some "tonic" and nutritive as well as "social" value. Heavier pure products such as whisky or brandy, have in cases a decided medicinal value, as in severe exposures, in states of exhaustion, in some diseases. In raw northern climates alcohol acts evidently less as an intoxicant and more as a fuel, then it does in warm regions. A proper or temperate use of alcoholic beverages may therefore not only be harmless but decidedly useful.

The difficulty with [illegible]holic and particularly with the alkaloidal [illegible]nts-intoxicants is, that they are all potenti[illegible] abit-forming substances; and that, as the system becomes accustomed to them they must be taken in ever larger quantities or concentration to produce "results." But just as soon as the normal, physiological, or medical use transgresses into an overpowering habit or urge, there begins a harmful period, there begins pathology, which, unless controlled in time, leads inevitably to disastrous conditions.

The social and governmental problem in all civilized groups, is how to safeguard the people from the pathological abuse of the stimulants, or at least to curb this to the attainable minimum; for the abuse leads to individual as well as communal degradation, moral, mental and physical; and generally leads to destitution, pauperism, crime, disease, insanity, suicide, or murder.

A great problem. How to solve it?

Law would suffice, if it could be enforced. In a people of millions and with the ease of making what is craved, it cannot be fully enforced. Shall then society give up the struggle? This it can no more do than to give up the struggle against disease and adverse agencies of every character. What then?

There are ways, not one but a number. The first step is to find the causes. Establish an Institute for the Study of Alcoholism—study individually as well as collectively, study of causes, preventives, antidotes, immunization.

Many abuse stimulants because of undernourishment or overwork; many through inborn or acquired weakness of the nervous apparatus, or of the will; many fall victims more or less incidentally; but the most common factor of all is ignorance—ignorance of what man is and means, ignorance of true sources of pleasure and happiness, ignorance of the effects of abuse on self and others.

All progress in society must be based on a firm rational basis. For all progress is proportionate to the amount and nature of the cooperation of the component units of the society. Such cooperation in a lasting and desired form can only be secured on the basis of enlightenment and conviction of such units.

DR. ALES HRDLICKA.

Killing the Intellect

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—It seems impossible to make any novel comments or give vent to any new emotions on the subject of prohibition. Two points however have not received the consideration which they deserve.

The first is that in the lathery scrimmage over booze the belly is on the verge of a triumph over the mind. Under the color of prohibition enforcement, judicial precedents have been set for the complete destruction of intellectual liberty in the next social crisis or war for democracy, purity, home, heaven, mother, and Yale—or whatever the official formula may be. At the present rate of progress down the stream of liquor it will soon be lawful to shoot men without trial for publicly advocating a repeal of Mr. Grundy's tariff or privately laughing behind the barn over Rabelais' crack at professors.

The second is that prohibition has apparently made it impossible for the country to think about anything else. One cannot go out of the house or take up a periodical without running into endless blather on the subject. American intellectual life is thin enough already, and booze debates threaten to fill entirely the rest of our mental vacuum. Everybody, including morons, has a mind and sex, and feels competent to speak solemnly on psychology and the family. So everybody has thirst and can find excitement in whooping it up over whisky.

Between natural sterility of thought and discussions of prohibition we are in danger of losing what little intelligence we have left. Give us a rest, especially since the wets avow that they can get all the liquor they want, anywhere, any time, and the drys are on the whole satisfied. What could be nobler than universal gratification?

CHARLES A. BEARD.

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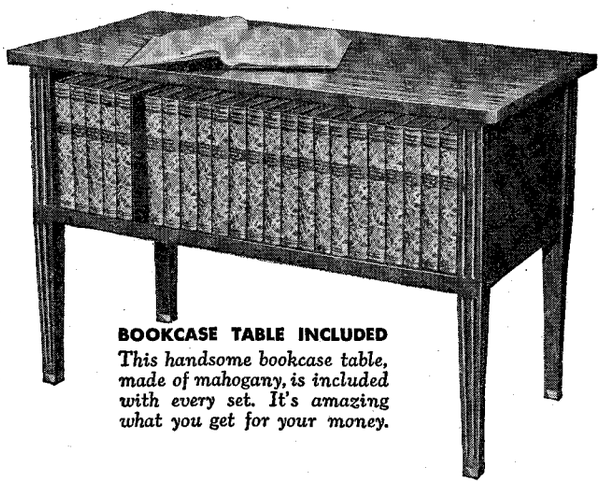

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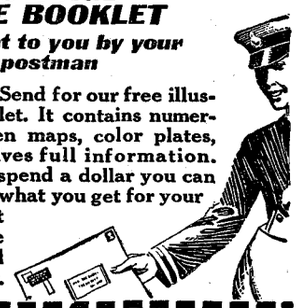

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▶▶ With Our Writers ◀◀

[EDITORS' NOTE—The contributors to the Outlook's prohibition symposium whose opinions appear in this issue are Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, well-known author and Democratic party leader, and Dr. M. C. Winternitz, Dean of the Yale Medical School.]

▶▶A New Approach

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Joplin, Mo.*

SIR—My position on the prohibition question involves a different approach to the whole problem of temperance than that which can express itself at the polls in a vote for a nominee who is for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or for a nominee who advocates it.

In the first place, I have no convictions one way or the other. I do not believe that the drinking of alcoholic liquor is "wicked." On the other hand, I do not think that a law depriving one of the opportunity to drink is an invasion of sacred personal liberty. To my mind neither morals nor political principles are involved in this question. Because I have no such convictions, I cannot hold that it is a moral obligation to prevent the drinking of alcohol or to repeal an amendment that makes it unlawful for men to drink it.

The problem, as I see it, is the problem of making this country a temperate country. It is a problem as old as mankind. We are not the first country to face the need of solving it, nor will we be the last. That we had such a need, no student of social conditions, who was familiar with the situation before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment can doubt. That we still have such a problem no one who is familiar with social conditions today can deny.

What some of us would like to see is a study of this problem by a group of citizens who are neither wet nor dry but who recognize the problem, men fitted by training and knowledge to gather the facts, sift them without prejudice, and present some solution that will take care of those facts, a solution to be tested by trial as a scientist tests a hypothesis, with the understanding that if it does not work, we can then try another. This is what some of us understood that Mr. Hoover's promised commission would do. In time by such a trial and error method, we might really find a workable solution.

This is too big, too serious a problem to be left in the hands of those who want to prevent everyone from taking a drink because they think it wrong or those who want everyone free to drink because they want one. Between these two groups stand thousands of unorganized citizens who think that it is necessary to make this nation temperate if our civilization is to work, and want sincerely to find out how it may be done with as little interference with their own habits as is necessary. They regard the Amendment merely as an answer which is on trial. They feel that on its advocates rests the burden of proving by its results that it is an effective answer. They are not impressed that these results point that way. If the proponents of it were directing their efforts towards making it work instead of trying to prove that it has worked, these people would feel more hopeful of it.

On the other hand, these same people cannot see in the repeal of the Amendment any hope for a solution. True, its repeal might clear the way for the trial of another solution. But, equally, it might mean that the solution would be postponed for a hundred years. For they know that in spite of the fact that many of those in favor of repeal are aware of the seriousness of the problem and wish to find a real solution, those who lead the movement for repeal are not committed to any substitute solution.

The only substitute so far offered for the Amendment by advocates of repeal is state regulation or state manufacture. But a nominee who seeks election to the presidency or Congress on a repeal platform cannot promise that any plan will be substituted. Mr. Morrow is in favor, he says, of a federal law to protect the states that wish state prohibition from inter-state traffic, but why does he think that federal law will be more effective now than it was before, or than the Volstead law now is?

Neither the repeal, therefore, nor the substitutes now offered, seem to these people to offer any better solution than the Eighteenth Amendment.

Perhaps it is too much to hope for a new temperance group in this country, a group not committed to an already established program but one seeking a real solution. Since the Amendment has diverted those who once stood for temperance from their objective to a formula, there is need for one. Such a group ought to attract to it members, adherents from both the wets and the drys.

I heard the representative of another nation one night say this: "When I came to your country I had special instructions from my government to observe the workings of the Eighteenth Amendment. We in our country have a drink problem as you had in yours. We know that we must solve it. We know that we cannot compete with you industrially unless we do solve it. You may not realize to what extent you owe your prosperity to prohibition, but we do for we have made a study of your output, your labor turnover, your accident expense, the purchasing power of your laborers, the savings accounts, and for what wages are spent. Our way is different from yours. We do not make an emotional issue of such a problem. We have our men of science, our psychologists, our economists, our sociologists working on this drink problem. We have our representatives abroad studying the attempted solutions of other countries. Together after a while we shall produce a plan and try it out."

Why should not some group in this country attack our problem after the same fashion?

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR.

The Medical Angle

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New Haven*

SIR—"Alcohol, syphilis, tobacco, and other toxins" are terms met with repeatedly in the older literature of medicine as the causes of many human ailments. It seems to have been almost a tradition to ascribe to these agents conditions for which no other causes could be found. Knowledge has increased with time, however, and many of the specific agents classified formerly under the general term "other toxins" are now more definitely understood. Syphilis, too, is known to have very precise limitations. But alcohol and tobacco have remained among the unknown undesirables, albeit the shadow which covers them has been constantly decreasing. The dearth of specific charges which can be made against alcohol has not been due to any lack of effort on the part of experimenters. In short, it is yet to be demonstrated conclusively what relationship, if any, alcohol may have to demonstrable disease processes in the human organism.

That there may be a basis for the older empirical observations concerning the relationship of alcohol to disease cannot be denied. As time has brought understanding it is believed that many causes in addition to a specific agent may contribute to disease conditions. Fatigue, cold, and exposure, for instance, deemed so important in the pre-virus days, may play a role in opening a portal for the entrance of the real agent. Alcohol may well be one among these agents. Some day a basis in experimental fact may be found, for example, to justify the term "gin-drinker's liver." It may also be possible eventually to show just what role alcohol plays in the various derangements and diseases of the central nervous system. Here the indications of an association are more definite. Man is individual in his reactions to alcohol as he is in other reactions. What may intoxicate one person, frequently will have no appreciable functional effect upon another. It is generally believed, however, that the psychopathic and psychotic individual has less tolerance for alcohol than the normal person, and that a certain group of symptoms, involving both the brain and the nerves of the extremities, may be associated with alcohol as the essential agent.

Against this unfavorable evidence is the positive value of alcohol from the physiological point of view. This is a matter seldom emphasized. Alcohol provides relaxation. In fact it may be one of the factors of safety for the highly strung nervous system of present-day civilization. We do not hear much about the possible benefits of alcohol. Only the evils are spoken of. Indulgence to an excessive degree is an evil, but what constitutes excess is an individual matter which cannot be controlled by law.

Prohibition has done more than any other social action in this country to create a professional criminal class and to foster crime far more detrimental to life than the use of alcohol without legal restrictions could possibly be.

M. C. WINTERNITZ, M.D.

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